The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1889.

The Week.

THE reply of Postmaster-General Wanamaker to the President of the Western Union Telegraph Co. begins with a statement of what he considers the special services rendered by the Government to that company as justifying a reduction of the rate of tolls from one cent to one mill per word. The only such service mentioned is the granting of the right of way to the company for the erection and operation of its lines on all post-roads of the United States. By way of emphasis, Mr. Wanamaker mentions a decision of the Supreme Court in the Pensacola case, in which it was held that the Western Union Telegraph Company had rights under this act which not even the sovereign State of Florida could annul. The inference might be drawn from this presentation of the case that the Government had conferred some exclusive right or franchise on the Western Union Telegraph Company, for which compensation in some form might be fairly claimed. But such is not the fact. The act of 1866, cited by the Postmaster-General, grants this right of way to "any telegraph company now organized, or which may hereafter be organized, under the laws of any State." It opened the way to the Bankers' and Merchants' Telegraph Company, the National, the Atlantic and Pacific, the Mutual, the United Lines, the Rapid, the Postal, the Baltimore and Ohio, and a score of other companies in the past. Most of these have been absorbed by the Western Union, but one of them, at least, is still an independent and competing line. The door is open, however, to any other company to enter the field, from this time onward.

This right of way, so far from securing any special advantages to the Western Union Company, took away what it had acquired before by reason of first occupancy and its superior capital and plant. This was the very object of the act. As originally reported by Senator Sherman, it was a bill to incorporate the National Telegraph Company, and to give to that particular company the right of way on all post-roads of the United States, in order that it might compete successfully with the Western Union Company. On motion of Senator Grimes of Iowa, the bill was amended so as to confer this power on "any telegraph company" (*Congressional Globe*, 1st session 39th Congress, vol. iv, p. 3427). The whole debate shows that this was the purpose of the measure. Therefore this part of Mr. Wanamaker's argument falls to the ground, so far as it seeks to erect a claim on the Western Union Company for special gratitude and consideration.

Mr. Wanamaker next says that the law has at least imposed upon the Postmaster-General the duty of fixing the rate for Government telegraphing and maintaining it "until in a court of inquiry the rate has been shown to be unjust." The only courts of inquiry known to the law are military or naval. The act of Congress says that "telegrams between the several departments of the Government . . . shall have priority over all other business at such rates as the Postmaster-General shall annually fix." The Postmaster-General is himself the only court of inquiry in this case. The court has already acted, and now asks the defendant to furnish reasons or excuses for reopening the decree. This is better than adhering to an untenable position, but the affair has served to take the measure of Mr. Wanamaker for high office, as he has often taken other folks' measure for clothing. He advances the theory that this is the right way to transact public business, namely, to do a certain thing to-day, and then ask the persons affected by his action to show why it should not be done, so that he, or "a court of inquiry," may do something different. A person who would avoid making himself ridiculous would hold his court of inquiry beforehand.

The arrival of the Canadian sealing vessel *Black Diamond* at Victoria, in charge of her own officers and crew, after her capture by our revenue cutter *Rush*, shows pretty conclusively that the commander of the *Rush* did not intend to bring her into an American port for adjudication. He put one sailor on board of her and then sent her off. He might, if he had been so disposed, have taken all of her crew on his own ship and put an equal number of his own men on the *Black Diamond*, in which case she would have been sailed into the port of Sitka and placed in charge of the customs officers at that place, and proceedings for condemnation would have followed. It is a very queer proceeding from every point of view.

Secretary Blaine was seen last week at Bangor by a newspaper reporter, and, although he refused to be interviewed, he took occasion to say that "everything done on the fur-seal question since March 4 last was in literal compliance with the directions contained in the act of Congress which was approved by President Cleveland on the last day of his term." This statement is characteristically misleading. The act of Congress referred to is in these words:

"No person shall kill any otter, mink, marten, sable or fur-seal, or other fur-bearing animal *within the limit of Alaska Territory or in the waters thereof;* and every person guilty thereof shall, for each offence, be fined not less than $200 or more than $1,000, or imprisoned not more than six months, or both; and all vessels, their tackle, apparel, furniture, and cargo, found engaged in violation of this section, shall be forfeited; but the Secretary of the Treasury shall have power to authorize the killing of any such mink, marten, sable, or other fur-bearing animals, except fur-seals, under such regulations as he may prescribe. It shall be the duty of the Secretary to prevent the killing of any fur-seal, and to provide for the execution of the provisions of this section until it is otherwise provided by law, nor shall he grant any special privileges under this section."

The act does not help anybody to decide what are the waters of Alaska Territory. The powers and duties of the Executive of the United States as regards the capture of seals in Behring Sea are exactly what they were before the act was passed. The waters of Alaska Territory, unless that Territory differs from other countries more or less civilized, are the space of three miles next adjoining any of the land, plus any land-locked water surrounded entirely by said Territory, with channels of communication so narrow that they may be commanded by guns on the shore. The Gulf of St. Lawrence *is* entirely surrounded by British territory. Behring Sea is *not* entirely surrounded by our territory. The channel between the southwestern corner of Newfoundland and Cape Breton, Nova Scotia, is only 50 miles wide, as against one of 183 miles between our westernmost Aleutian island and the nearest Russian territory. We have always insisted on our right under international law to sail through and into the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and to fish in said gulf at any place more than three miles from the land, and this right we now enjoy. We have even claimed the right to pass through the Gut of Canso, which is only half-a-mile wide, for fishing purposes. Mr. Blaine will have to explain himself more fully before long.

The President appears to have decided to restore life to the old Louisiana Carpet-Bag Ring. He has offered the appointment of Collector of the Port of New Orleans to ex-Gov. Warmoth, and the mission to the Argentine Republic to ex-Marshal J. R. C. Pitkin. It is a long time since these names have occupied much attention in the public mind, but ten or fifteen years ago there was scarcely a day in which they did not figure in some new form of political rascality in Louisiana. Of Warmoth's appointment, possibly the worst thing that can be said of it is that ex-Senator Kellogg of Louisiana thinks it a "good one." The Republican newspapers, including the *Tribune*, are silent about both appointments, but the time has been when the *Tribune* was able to speak its mind freely about both men. Its views of Warmoth were especially unfavorable, and will be found in great profusion in its files during the years of that eminent carpet-bag Governor's career. Of Pitkin it was rather contemptuous than otherwise, as in a leading article entitled, "The Too-Frequent Pitkin," published on July 12, 1877. Now will the *Tribune* tell us what it thinks of the political wisdom — we waive all higher views of the matter as not germane—of the President's attempt to breathe fresh life into the "Louisiana gang" who, a dozen years ago, were "brought into prominence by the fact that they were charged with being great rascals"?

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Under the reforming hand of Mr. Manning the Cleveland Administration, so says the Hartford *Times*, reduced the incidental consular fees at London, Bradford, and other places, and cut down Gov. Waller's fees at London, as compared with the previous fees, at the rate of $14,000 a year; but now Mr. Harrison's Administration has restored the fees, "so that Mr. New at London, Col. Tibbits at Bradford, and others can get the old fat rates." The strain of the situation thus produced by "the old fat rates" is in the diplomatic misunderstanding thus created, which has been formally brought to the attention of the British House of Commons. Mr. Manning could not, during his brief term of office, accomplish all the reforms in taxation that he began, to say nothing of the others that he meditated. His wish and purpose were, as is clearly to be seen in the reports that he sent to Congress, to cut out this notarial scandal by the roots; but so great was the resistance encountered in the Special Agents' Bureau of his own Department, and in the Consular Bureau of the State Department, that in a year he could only bring about so much of that reform as is described by the Hartford *Times*.

What the country now needs is to be told the whole truth about consular salaries, tips, perquisites, and "incidental fees," and in that behalf Gov. Waller can render a most valuable service if he will. Having recently been Consul-General at London, he knows the inside of the business, not only at London, but elsewhere in what was his consular jurisdiction. If his "incidental fees" were by Mr. Manning's efforts made $14,000 a year less than those of his predecessor, how did it come about? We all know what the salaries are of our consuls in Great Britain, but Gov. Waller can tell us the annual sum of legitimate consular fees received for notarial work not prescribed by Congress, and then can describe the notarial fees for oaths on invoices, and tell how much of the total sum not reported to the Treasury enriches the consular officer. What was the source of the $14,000 a year of which he was deprived? What are the figures of "the old fat fees" for Bradford and other English consulates, and can it be that a former American consul in England sued, or threatened otherwise, to compel a British notary to make a "square divide" of these notarial fees according to the terms of his selection to be the consular notary? If an American consular officer compels a shipper to appear before a designated British notary, cannot he, if so minded, exact an unreasonable fee unless restrained by the Consul, and is the intervention of the latter likely to be exerted on the side of the notary or of the shipper if the Consul shares the swag?

The process of "whitewashing" Tanner has begun. A preliminary statement has been sent out through the Associated Press, obviously prepared by the Committee which is conducting its investigation in secret, in which the valuable information is imparted to the public that Tanner has done very little more rerating than his predecessor did in the same period of time. This information, the statement says, "is learned from parties believed to have a knowledge of the work of the Committee," which is a very clumsy and insufficient disguise of the obvious fact that the statement is furnished by the Committee itself, for it contains exact figures and other data which nobody else would be able to supply. The statement closes with the following forecast of the final report: "The investigation, so far as it has gone, is believed to have convinced the Committee that there has been a gradual increase in the number of pensions rerated since late in the summer or early fall of last year. It is confidently asserted that the Committee has discovered nothing whatever of a sensational character either in the number of reratings or the amount of money involved." Can it be possible that Secretary Noble and the President believe that a report like that from a committee which has done its work in secret will have the slightest influence upon anybody? As the Philadelphia *Inquirer* has remarked, "an attempt to vindicate any official by such process would be manifestly incomplete and unsatisfactory," and "will not answer the public demand."

Wade's Fibre and Fabric, a protectionist organ of note, is out for free wool. At all events, that is the way we read an article of some length in its latest issue. Perhaps it has been assisted to this conclusion by the failure, now generally acknowledged, of the recent worsted decision of the Treasury Department to improve the worsted industry. The worsted-mills have not reaped a penny of advantage from the decision. In fact, the down-hill course of that industry has not been checked by it. Some people are very angry because the importers of worsted coatings and suitings have not advanced their prices. It seems that these importers have so much confidence that the courts will upset the decision and pay back the excess of duties, together with interest at a higher rate than they have to pay for borrowed money, that they have continued selling their goods at the old prices. There are but two ways out of this dilemma for the worsted-manufacturers. One is to have the importers sent to prison, and the other is to get wool on as good terms as foreign manufacturers get it. The latter seems to be the more feasible undertaking.

Henry George has returned from a triumphal tour in Europe to find his single-tax Anti-Poverty party in this country divided as nearly in the middle as was possible without rending one of the "leaders" in twain. There are three "leaders" in one faction and four in the other. It is not easy to say precisely what has caused the split, but the chief source of trouble appears to have been that there was not enough notoriety in the business to go around. A formal banquet had been arranged to welcome Mr. George on his return, and the trouble came to a head in arranging the list of speakers for this. The faction of three, in whom the single-tax idea is suspected of overshadowing the anti-poverty idea, objected to having a speech from the Reverend Pentecost, who had left his pulpit and renounced all orthodox preaching in order to expound anti-poverty. In order to prevent a scene at the banquet, Mr. Pentecost and his three fellow-leaders withdrew his name from the list. He attended the banquet, but sat silent while the complete single-tax faction of three occupied the floor for an almost unlimited period of time. This was naturally a hardship for a man of Mr. Pentecost's "gifts," and he is going to relieve himself by setting forth his case in a paper which he has started in opposition to the regular George paper. The other faction will reply, and there will be war. As publishing a newspaper with no visible means of support is an expensive business, the work of abolishing poverty from the world, together with that of reforming existing methods of taxation, will have to wait awhile.

Not only was Mr. Pentecost refused the privilege of making a speech at the recent banquet, but he has since been formally repudiated by Mr. George, who has written a letter saying it would have been "extremely disagreeable" to him to have had to listen to a speech by a man who had been "giving currency to misrepresentations." Thus Pentecost follows McGlynn out of the George party, and henceforth the organization will have to go ahead without the benefit of any of the clergy which it ever had. It is somewhat heartless in Mr. George to throw over the two clergymen who were persuaded by his doctrine to leave their pulpits and devote their lives henceforth to his cause. They have been on the cold world from the moment they took this step, depending mainly upon the collections which they were able to take up at the meetings in which they undertook to drive poverty from the face of the earth by means of talk. Dr. McGlynn succeeded in driving away his personal poverty in this way, but the Reverend Pentecost was not even so successful as that. There was evidently not enough in the cause to give a comfortable living to more than one man.

The high-license and local-option principle has been adopted by the Rhode Island Legislature as the basis of the law just passed to take the place of the discarded prohibition system. A vote may be taken each spring on the question of granting licenses in cities and town, so that, if there are any places where public sentiment will sustain local prohibition, those places may prohibit the liquor traffic entirely. Wholesale license fees are not to be less than $500 nor more than $1,000, while retail licenses are to be $400 in Providence, $350 in the other cities, and from $200 to $300 in the smaller towns. There is no distinction as to kinds of liquors, so that a man must pay at least $200 to open a beer saloon.

The *Manufacturer* of Philadelphia, which considers New York the most unsuitable of

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all the greater cities in the Union as a place for the world's fair of 1892, and Philadelphia the most suitable, claims in another article, or rather in three articles in the same issue, that Philadelphia has the most abominable water supply in the world and the worst city government, and that the bad water is a consequence of the bad government. Competitive examination in bad streets is also challenged. Chicago, on the other hand, claims that she has the worst sewerage system on the continent. Her claims to bad government are not equal to Philadelphia's, but in the matter of bad streets she is not behind any city. Now, can we conceive of any two things more requisite and indispensable for a world's fair than a good water supply and a good sewerage system? New York has both. Her present water supply is excellent as to quality, and long before 1892 the quantity will be trebled. Her sewerage system is by far better than the average of American or European cities of the same class. It is not likely that either Philadelphia or Chicago will accomplish the great engineering reforms that are conceded to be necessary before the summer of 1892. In fact, no plans have been adopted in either case. In Philadelphia the manufacturers' organ tells us that although the people are drinking sewage diluted with Schuylkill water on one side and Delaware River water on the other, and are getting typhoid fever in consequence, the badness of the city government forbids any hope of improvement. "We shall never," it says, "have good water, or good streets, or good government until the people make up their mind to dethrone their bosses." It will take three years, at the least calculation, to perform this job—that is, to get ready to begin work on the new water system.

The Rev. J. Francis Robinson, a Baptist preacher of good character, has been visiting in the city of Auburn, N. Y. The day after his arrival he wished to get shaved, and went to a barber-shop, but was refused attention. He went in succession to several other barber-shops, but received the same treatment at each. The Rev. F. D. Penny, pastor of the Second Baptist Church in Auburn, accompanied the Rev. Mr. Robinson to a number of shops, and offered the proprietors a dollar to shave his friend, but his cooperation was of no use. The trouble was that the Rev. Mr. Robinson has a black skin, and, as one of the barbers said, "I refused to shave him because it is against the rules of the trade to shave a colored man." Auburn last fall gave Harrison 3,122 votes to 2,214 for Cleveland, and doubtless the Republicans of Auburn have often been filled with indignation at the idea that negroes do not enjoy equal rights with white people in the South.

A radical change in the law regarding the investment of trust funds is in progress in England, having already passed the House of Commons. Under former practice a trustee holding funds for investment—for instance, the executor of a decedent estate—could invest only in bond and mortgage within the United Kingdom, or in British consols. If he invested in other things, he was personally responsible for any loss. The same law prevails in the State of New York, except that there is liberty of investment in the bonds of both State and national Governments. The bill now pending in the House of Lords extends the list of statutory trust investments to stock of the Bank of England and the Bank of Ireland, to India stocks issued under authority of Parliament, to any securities guaranteed by Parliament, to stocks of the Metropolitan Board of Works, or of the London County Council, to the debentures and preference and guaranteed stocks of any railway in the United Kingdom which has paid not less than 3 per cent. dividends on its ordinary stock for ten years consecutively, to the securities of any railway in India guaranteed by the Government of India, to the stock and bonds of water commissioners and of water-supply companies incorporated by Parliament which have paid 5 per cent. dividends for ten consecutive years, and to the stock of any municipal borough of not less than 50,000 inhabitants, if such stock has been issued under authority of Parliament. Colonial securities not authorized by Parliament are not included in the list of lawful trust investments.

A curious political comedy has just been enacted in Norway. The pseudo-Liberal Sverdrup Ministry has been overthrown by tactics which the Premier was himself instrumental in devising. Mr. Sverdrup had pledged himself to introduce trial by jury in criminal cases, and an improved system of popular education; but his Conservative allies, without whose aid he could not remain in power, demanded of him a "masterly inactivity" in regard to these and other reforms which stand foremost on the programme of the Left. For more than two years, accordingly, Mr. Sverdrup has played the double part of reformer and frustrater of reform; but he was evidently beginning to tire of it, and there were signs, of late, that he meant to carry the jury law (which was passed a year ago) into effect. The members of the Right, taking alarm at this, promptly deserted him, and on July 2 their leader, Mr. Stang, moved in the Storthing a resolution expressing want of confidence in the Government. Although it was a foregone conclusion that this motion would be lost, Mr. Sverdrup surprised the Storthing by tendering the resignation of the entire Ministry. The Liberal press regarded this as a clever manœuvre for getting rid of the troublesome Conservative alliance, and took it for granted that Sverdrup would retain the Premiership, throwing overboard those of his colleagues who were commonly believed to be disguised Conservatives. That this was really his intention, there can be no doubt; but he reckoned without his host. He failed to take into account the disgust which his double-dealing had aroused in his party. The two factions of the Left are apparently united in nothing except their distrust of the man who split their party and converted a large majority into two hostile minorities.

When Sverdrup began his negotiations for the formation of a new government, he, therefore, encountered unforeseen obstacles. The leaders of the Pure Left, without whose coöperation no Liberal Ministry could be possible, were unconciliatory. They declared that it was the spirit of compromise which had wrecked the party, and now they would have none of it. In order to secure a government truly representative of Norse Liberalism, they demanded the admission to the Cabinet of the two ablest and most prominent chieftains of the Pure Left, Wullert Konow and Rector Steen. But the admission of these men would have meant the practical extinction of Sverdrup; and as regards Steen, his attitude during the impeachment trial of the Selmer Ministry had made him personally distasteful to the King, who still has the constitutional right of appointing as well as rejecting a Minister. It was thus obvious that the leaders of the Left who made these demands meant to have the negotiations fail. After a good deal of futile intrigue, Sverdrup found himself unable to form a government. It would have been quite feasible for the King to delegate the task to some eminent Liberal, but Oscar II. solved the difficulty, or rather complicated it further, by summoning Mr. Stang, the leader of the Right. The Cabinet which the latter has succeeded in forming consists largely of bureaucratic officials, who are without sympathy with or understanding of the needs and aspirations of the Norwegian people. Being, moreover, a minority government, and reactionary in its tendencies, the Stang Ministry is scarcely destined for a long or brilliant career.

Gen. Grenfell's victory has disposed of the third Mahdi, but, in spite of its completeness and the great slaughter of the dervishes, there is no likelihood that it will pacify the Sudan as long as Khartum remains in the hands of the Arabs. It is the capital of the Upper Nile region, and its possession is a sign of power and independence. Moreover, there is no reason for supposing that another Mahdi will not speedily appear. It is even truer of Mohammedans than of Christians that the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church. There is probably not the smallest doubt among the Sudanese that the late Mahdi has joined the other two in heaven, and all over the desert there are hundreds of dervishes, any one of whom may any day announce himself as the latest prophet and be accepted as such. But Grenfell's victories have the immense value of showing that the native troops—that is, the "blacks" or Nubians—are fully a match for the Arabs. When it was found that the old Egyptian army, composed mainly of Fellahs, would not stand up against the Arabs, and it began to be feared that Egypt would have to be held against the Mahdi by European troops, it produced a veritable panic in English military and financial circles. The discovery of the fighting qualities of the Nubians, therefore, puts Grenfell on a still higher pedestal than Lord Wolseley.

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THE REPUBLICAN PARTY AND THE TRUSTS.

THE attack of the *American*, the protectionist weekly of Philadelphia, on the protected Trusts, is a serious menace to that class of monopolies, since the writer of the article (Prof. Robert Ellis Thompson, we suppose) does not hesitate to say, that the tariff duties behind which these combines are marshalled must be repealed as soon as Congress can reach them. It holds that the Trusts are enemies of the protective system, since they are destroying internal competition, without which the whole fabric of protection falls to the ground. "It would be intolerable," it says, "to set up a barrier against foreign-made goods and then to foster monopoly inside the barrier."

We might ask the *American* a number of questions—for example, whether the Trusts do not keep the money in the country that would otherwise be spent for foreign goods, and whether they do not bolster up wages, and whether they are not, in the words of Mr. Blaine, "largely private affairs." But these and similar queries will, no doubt, be put by the official organ of the Protective Tariff League as soon as it recovers its breath. What we are most curious to know is, how the Republican party will go to work to punish a large number of men who put up their money to elect Harrison and Morton in the last campaign. There are thirty or forty Trusts marshalled behind the tariff, and new ones are coming along every day. They represent a campaign fund of millions, actual or potential. Could the Republican party have carried the last election without the money contributed by men who are now holders of Trust certificates?

We think not. We think that the party workers, such as Quay, Dudley, and Clarkson, if taken into a private room and asked this question behind closed doors (as they will be whenever the *American's* programme is developed in Congress), will say decidedly, No. We think that when these gentlemen are taken into council, they will say: "We cannot afford to throw the Trusts over, unless we know who is to foot the bills next time. Pass as many resolutions as you please against Trusts in the abstract, denounce them to your heart's content, hold them up to scorn and contempt; but if you cut off their revenue, you will run short of money very soon." Some such programme we find in the Philadelphia *Press*, a near neighbor of the *American*, which urges the next Republican State Convention to pass a resolution like this, viz.:

> "Resolved, That we are resolutely opposed to all Trusts or combinations which seek to promote monopolies, suppress competition, limit and control production, and enhance prices; that we condemn and denounce them as antagonistic to the interests of the people, and repugnant to the principles, the aims, and the achievements of the American protective policy; and that we invoke and demand the exercise of the legitimate powers of the nation and the State for the inhibition and suppression of such Trusts."

We find here no word implying that the tariff duties on refined sugar, lead, salt, cotton bagging, binding twine, linseed oil, castor oil, or any other monopolized article, are to be repealed or reduced. It may possibly be inferred that a repeal of duties is included in "the legitimate powers of the nation and the State," but if so the timidity of the *Press* symbolizes the embarrassment of the party in dealing with the protected Trusts.

Where are you to draw the line when the repealing begins? Who is to be spared when the word goes forth to slaughter the Trusts? The *American* seeks to draw a line by limiting the havoc to the Trusts proper—the industries that have formally turned over the control of production to a "head centre" and taken certificates in Trusts. "We draw a line," it says, "between agreement among producers to avoid cutthroat competition and the organization of permanent Trusts." Such a discrimination would spare the great copper combine, which holds now and has for many years held the domestic price of copper at the figure at which their own product can be reimported from abroad with duty added. The people will not be able to draw so fine a distinction. They will look rather to results than to processes, and when Prof. Thompson says, "We want free lead because there is a Lead Trust, but we don't want free copper, since there is only a temporary copper combine," they will be apt to answer, "Since you have shown us the way to freedom, we want free everything that is monopolized or can be monopolized." Why make two bites of a cherry?

It will naturally be asked, also, what are we to do with the national Republican platform? Is it to be burned in the public square by the common hangman? Are not the duties on white lead, sheet lead, refined sugar, cotton bagging, etc., *some* part of "our protective system," and did not the platform pledge the party to resist the repeal of *any* part of said system? Can the platform be burned by the common hangman without producing a great shock among the faithful? We shall be glad to see the experiment made, but we do not expect to see it in a hurry. The Trusts are not likely to sit idle while preparations are making to put them to the torture. They are active and muscular. They know where they stand and where the party stands. It is easy to talk of cutting off the dog's tail close behind his ears, but the dog has teeth to defend his tail with, and he will not fail to use them when the time comes. We wish every success to the *American* and those who agree with it, but we cannot consider the Republican party an available instrument to deliver the country from the tariff-protected Trusts. Its efforts in this direction will be much like those of the Democratic party to figure as a war party during the rebellion. The Democrats were for war provided you did not mean to abolish slavery, or employ colored troops, or destroy State rights, or shut people up in Fort Lafayette, or procure soldiers by draft, or grant negro suffrage. The people agreed with Mr. Lincoln that every question should be subordinate to the saving of the Union, and they gave their support to the party which held this doctrine, and was not at cross purposes with itself on that question. The Republican party is at cross purposes with itself on the question of tariff-protected Trusts, and therefore is not likely to be chosen as the fittest instrument to uproot them.

UTILIZING THE POWER OF NIAGARA.

A RECENT despatch from Buffalo states that an association of that city some time since made an offer of $100,000 for any device which should utilize the Niagara torrent, and adds that one Palmer, a practical mechanic, had entered a claim for the prize. The alleged device is too silly to merit attention, amounting to little more than a Keely motor shorn of its mystery; but the fact that such an offer should have been made is of interest, as showing how ill the conditions of the problem are understood.

The question of utilizing Niagara is one for the skill of the engineer and not for the ingenuity of the inventor. A "device" for attaining the end is no more possible than a device for building a city in a place very difficult of access. It is true that, after the engineer has decided upon his system, an inventor may assist him in the details of his machinery, the sewing of his belts, and the shape of his cogs. But his own system will necessarily come first of all. We have an immense volume of water falling through a height of 160 feet, or of 200 feet and more, if we reckon from a point a short distance above the falls. At present, this fall takes place over the rocks or through the air, and all the power it generates is wasted in pounding the rocks. The problem is to so make the water act upon machinery, either during the act of falling or while it still embodies the power generated by its fall, that the power now wasted shall be spent in turning dynamos and thus generating electricity. There are only two possible systems of doing this. We must either make the falling water act upon the blades or buckets of water-wheels, or we must establish what engineers call a "head."

The first system is the simplest in conception, and so most easily disposed of. It might be easy to try it on a small scale at several points on the American side of the river, especially near the inclined railway. But the first conclusion an engineer would reach—we might probably say the conclusion which a hundred engineers have already reached—is, that a water-wheel so placed, if it could be made to work at all, would have no advantage over an ordinary one, and would be subject to many disadvantages. In view of the inaccessibility of the bottom of the Horseshoe Falls, the problem of erecting the works necessary to utilize their power in this way would be one before which even a De Lesseps would shrink; and even if such works could be constructed, the cost of using the power would probably exceed its value.

The second system is therefore the only practicable one. It requires a communication between the water above the falls and that below them through a tunnel below the ground or through pipes on or near the surface. Here again we reach a question of which the difficulty inheres, not in its conception, but in its details. If the tunnel be adopted, the engineer must determine

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the cost of erecting a crib in the rapids above the falls, and then boring a tunnel first vertically and then horizontally to some point below the falls where the necessary machinery could be erected. The cost of a ten-foot tunnel would probably be a million, possibly several million dollars. Then at the outlet of the tunnel we need a complex system of conduits for controlling the enormous volume of water and distributing it to the wheels. The works necessary at this point might cost another million, but they would have to be devised before their cost could be determined; and the work of devising them would involve primarily the careful calculations of the experienced mechanical engineer.

Then, granting that the works are completed, what power should we get out of them? This must be known approximately before we can decide whether the enterprise would pay; and happily the calculation is not beyond the skill of the hydraulic engineer. Granting a head of 200 feet, the conclusion would probably be that all the water that could practically be passed through a ten-foot tunnel a mile in length would not yield more than 20,000, or perhaps 30,000 horse-power when utilized in the best way. When conveyed to a considerable distance by electricity, one-half the power would be wasted. If we are correct in our rough estimates, the whole amount of power finally utilized would not be likely to exceed that of the engines of the *Etruria* and *Umbria* combined. Would the project pay?

The plan of securing the head of water by surface pipes has the advantage that the experiment could be tried on a small scale and at little expense. An expert may see difficulties which we do not; but the idea of carrying an iron pipe two or three feet in diameter from the bottom of the river bed above the American falls to the ground at their base seems quite feasible to the eye of the layman. Still, after the work was done, we could hardly expect to utilize, finally, more than 1,000 horse-power. Whether it would pay to spend a few hundred thousand dollars to do this, is a question for the financier.

The three plans we have described exhaust the possibilities of the case. The great question each of them involves is whether it will pay. Nor must we be surprised if this question has to be answered in the negative until the interest on invested capital falls much below its present rate, or the price of coal rises far above what it now is. That the problem of utilizing the power of Niagara fills so large a place in the public mind must be attributed to the impressive form in which it is presented rather than to its intrinsic importance. The cataract comes far short of affording the best example of wasted power. On every clear day the power wasted by the sun's rays upon the streets, roofs, and lands of New York city is many fold greater than that of Niagara. Whenever the sun shines upon an ocean steamship, it radiates upon her deck and sides heat enough to drive her at rates varying from five to ten knots an hour, could it only be applied to that purpose. It is but a few years since the late Capt. Ericsson devised a little engine to be run by the heat of the sun; but the rays which cost nothing in the air cost more than coal when they were collected and applied. In all these questions of utilizing wasted power the practical difficulty does not consist in any want of devices or difficulty of invention, but in the cost of the best device that could be conceived.

THE POLITICS OF ENGLISHWOMEN.

The discussion over woman suffrage in England, which has been going on in the shape of protest and counter protest between women of the highest standing in the social and intellectual world, has excited a good deal of interest among the friends of the movement here, as an illustration of the stronger hold on the public mind which the question possesses in that country. They argue that the agitation must be a deep and serious one which brings into the political arena such women as have recently appeared, pro and con, in the columns of the *Nineteenth Century* and *Fortnightly Review*. The corresponding class of women in the United States, for the most part, let the subject severely alone, or manifest but a very languid interest in it, and leave it to be debated at conventions or before the Legislatures chiefly by women who, if not professional agitators, are at least already well known as agitators.

Various reasons have been assigned for the cause of this difference, among them the higher place in social life occupied in America by women as women, and their resulting indifference to legislative attempts to improve their condition or increase their influence. Some of the difference may, perhaps, be accounted for in this way, but by far the greater part of it is undoubtedly due to the fact that the women of the upper (or what may be called the educated) class in England, are in far closer contact with practical politics than the women of the corresponding social grade in this country. As a general rule the fathers, husbands, and brothers of such women in England carry on the Government, sit in the House of Commons, and manage elections. As a general rule the fathers, husbands, and brothers of such women in this country have nothing to do with politics beyond casting their votes on election day. One of the most striking phenomena of English social life, to an American, is the extent to which he comes into contact with practical politicians at dinner-tables, and country-houses, and other resorts of the well-to-do and cultivated classes. Every one knows what a rare bird the "gentleman in politics," or the "scholar in politics," is in this country, and how precarious his footing is among politicians, and how sternly he is required to keep his gentility and his culture in the background.

The result is, that in England women of the upper class are far more familiar than ours with the political work of the day, with the influences which govern the political world, and with the probable outcome of political struggles. They are in daily social intercourse with the leaders of every degree. They know what such men are thinking, saying, and planning, and have serious opinions, and can make them tell. That a very powerful part of the opposition to Home Rule is at this moment the social part and comes from women, few question. A concrete illustration of this is to be found in the current belief of London society that it is to "the duchesses" that Mr. Chamberlain's conversion from Radicalism to Toryism is to be ascribed. The same thing is said of a great many other Liberal Unionists. This being so, it is not surprising that a great body, if not by far the larger proportion, of women of high social and intellectual standing are ready to publish their hostility or indifference to any extension of the suffrage to their own sex. They do not see what they should gain by it, and do see plainly enough that, with every extension of the suffrage, their individual influence would decline. As matters stand today, they are in close communion with the political managers. A further extension of the suffrage would, by making management more difficult, end in putting it into the hands of men who, whatever their merits as managers might be, would certainly cease to be persons such as "one meets in society." In other words, management would probably pass, as it has passed here, to men who consider a college graduate a species of nincompoop, and a "literary fellow" the last person to intrust with the conduct of a campaign. To such men, the opinions of American women like Lady Stanley, Mrs. Mundella, Mrs. Huxley, and Mrs. Humphry Ward, would count, as they do count, for very little. In England they still count among practical men for a good deal.

HOT-WEATHER OPERA.

It is beginning to attract the notice of lovers of the fine arts that, coincidently with the warm summer weather in New York, there has arisen a new kind of entertainment. Buckle long ago attempted to trace the connection between climate and the arts, but the great historian never had the advantage of seeing New York, or even the United States, and his speculations were confined to arts brought to their perfection under the influence of the isothermal lines of Europe. It is obvious that his speculations were narrow, and that for the latitude and longitude of New York it is necessary to examine closely what we are actually doing in the way of musical or other art before we make any generalizations as to the influence of our climate in producing it. Without assuming at the outset that there is any causal connection between it and the heat, we beg to call our readers' attention to a particular branch of art which, for want of a better term, we may call hot-weather opera, inasmuch as it comes to its highest maturity and perfection in the summer.

Fashionable people think that the winter is the season of opera in New York, but in this, as in so many other things, fashionable people only show their extreme folly. Wagnerian opera or Italian opera there may

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be in the winter, or comic opera, or even opéra-bouffe; but it is only when the thermometer is at 90 and humidity at 101, when all the fashionable people have gone away, and in the "close season" of the theatre, that opera really becomes popular, and the true characteristics of a genuinely local school of opera make themselves felt.

Hot-weather opera has now been for a long time in full blast at three theatres. At one "The Brigands" is given, at another "Clover," and at a third the "Oolah"—all tremendously successful. The "Oolah" we will refrain from criticising, not so much because we have not seen it—for the published accounts of it, and our familiarity with the histrionic method of the principal personage in it, would amply justify us in analyzing it without ever going near the theatre—but because the other two are quite enough. In them the hot-weather school is seen in perfection.

The original feature in hot-weather opera does not consist in the opera itself. This is, generally speaking, a foreign product, or, to be more accurate, there is a foreign product which is used as the basis of hot-weather opera. In the case of "The Brigands," the basis or substratum of the performance is an opera the music of which was written a good many years ago by a composer named Offenbach, and, if we are to believe the programme, the words of the English libretto are by Gilbert. It was in French one of the funniest of *opéras bouffes*. A band of brigands get possession of the clothes of the marriage escort of a princess, substitute the daughter of their chief for the princess, and then undertake to secure the latter's dowry. It is, however, a case of Greek meeting Greek, as the dowry has already been dissipated by the official having charge of the revenues. The music is pretty and abounds in good songs, such as the

"C'est le son de les bottes, de les bottes, de les bottes, de les bottes du premier Carabanier,"

and the very amusing ballad in which the finance minister describes how his unfortunate character has compelled him to steal all the money in the Treasury. But Offenbach is not funny enough for hot-weather opera. In its hot-weather English form, there is, in fact, about as much resemblance between the humor of "The Brigands" and that of his "Brigands" as there is between the wit of the horse-opera of Barnum and Bailey and that of a Wagner trilogy. The music and the libretto are both subordinated to antics and buffoonery which are really not those of the stage, but of the circus. To anybody who expected to see simply an English version of Offenbach's opera this is, at first, a little distracting. Instead of a song, we have a series of grins and grimaces; instead of the dialogue of the original, we have an abundance of what is so appropriately termed "gag"; instead of opéra-bouffe, we have an enormous amount of contortion and tumbling business. In fact, we very soon get the impression that the interest expected to be aroused is physical rather than dramatic.

"Clover" is perhaps more perfect in its way than "The Brigands." The original was written by Suppé, and, if produced a few years since, would have been given, like "Fatinitza" or "Boccaccio," as nearly like the original as possible. But, as produced now, it is as a vehicle for Mr. De Wolf Hopper, one of the best-trained clowns of the hot-weather stage. The opera is full of pretty music, but the centre of interest as it is now put on the stage is not the music, but Mr. Hopper, whose antics beggar description. Mr. Hopper can jump higher, fall flatter, roll faster, grin broader, and whoop and shriek louder than any leading operatic performer in the world; and the applause and laughter of the audience show that he knows what he is about. There are long scenes in "Clover" where Mr. Hopper absorbs the attention intended by Suppé to be divided among half-a-dozen different performers. One of his marked accomplishments is that of the old clown in the pantomime—he can be beaten and bruised to a jelly without injury. He is undoubtedly well padded—he could not sing in this species of opera if he were not. He is a strong and athletic man, or he could not perform such feats on the stage as he does. He literally fills the stage. It must be admitted that what we see and hear is not Suppé, but Hopper.

It is not our intention to complain of hot-weather opera at all. The audience likes it, and, however trying, it apparently agrees with the performers. There are a good many curious points for speculation concerning it. One is, why some of the other characters of the old pantomime are not introduced—Harlequin, for instance, and Columbine. Why should we only have the clown? Another is, why so many of the characters attempt to sing; another, why they do not introduce the old mirth-provoking appliances of the pantomime—the door that lets the pursued through, and suddenly turns into a brick wall in the pursuer's face; the mysterious and elusive luncheon-basket, the ubiquitous trap? Are not these full of wit too? Again, to recur to the first question of all, what is the connection between the "heated term" and this kind of opera? Perhaps it is that, at the season when physical exertion is most difficult, violent horse-play on the stage is most appreciated. Anybody can sing, even though the weather be warm. But there are only a few persons so endowed by nature that, after padding their bodies all over with thick cotton for safety of life and limb, they can make active gymnasts of themselves for three hours and keep their fellow-men laughing all the time. The audience appreciates the difficulty of playing the fool, and feels that it is more difficult, and therefore more honorable and laughable, to be a hot-weather fool than a winter fool.

Hot-weather opera is an established institution, and bids fair to drive out every other form of summer entertainment. The public likes it, and, what the public likes, it always will have. It is not a beautiful form of art, but it is our own, and as different from anything Offenbach or Suppé ever dreamt of as it is possible to be. It is just as Anglo-Saxon as grinning through horse-collars in Queen Elizabeth's time was; and a genuine New York hot-weather comedian could give "points" to any Elizabethan humorist that ever grinned.

LAND AND SOCIETY IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, July 23.

THE land panic in England—that is, the fear that English agriculture was definitively ruined by foreign competition—has greatly abated. The weather has been extremely fine this summer, so that the hay crop has not only been very great, but has been saved in perfect condition; and although wheat has been virtually given up as an English product, other things have done very well. The dairy farmers, in fact, have suffered very little if at all, in spite of the outcry raised a few years ago about the ruin wrought by American cheese. In counties like Cheshire, where I passed a few days, the effect of this competition, I was told, had been to improve greatly the process of manufacture by introducing creameries, to which the farmers contributed their milk to a common stock, and had the cheese made wholesale by the latest methods. The culture of fruit, too, has everywhere within easy reach of the great cities much increased, and the cheap sugar which has been the result of free trade, intensified by the ridiculous bounties paid by Continental governments to domestic refiners, has enormously stimulated the popular consumption of what the English call "jam," and we preserves. The gain of this for the poor in the towns, as far as enjoyment is concerned, whatever be the effect on their health, has been very great. Tens of thousands now are able to sweeten their heavy bread with marmalade, that most beloved of English delicacies, who never got a chance at it before. Curiously enough, too, the wide diffusion of oleomargarine has not only given the poor for the first time a really savory and wholesome substitute for butter, but has greatly improved the butter of the well-to-do. There used to be a good market for poorly made and even rancid butter, among people who had to have cheap butter or none at all; but oleomargarine has destroyed or greatly diminished it, and the producers have consequently been driven into making good butter, or, at all events, greatly improved butter, in order to find any market whatever.

These things, combined with considerable improvement in business among the manufacturers and miners, have done a good deal to revive the hopes of the agriculturists, but I cannot learn that there had been much more than a revival of hopefulness. Absolute improvement I could not hear of. The price of land has not risen except in the pretty region to the south of London, within fifty to one hundred miles of the city, where it is being largely held for what may be called building lots—that is, for villas with five to fifty acres of ground for ornamental purposes. Everywhere else it is either unsalable or only salable at an immense sacrifice. Rents have been reduced on the average 25 per cent., but this does not prevent a large number of farms being thrown on the landlord's hands. The English farmer, unlike his Irish brother, does not cling to the soil or wait to be evicted when he finds rents too high: he leaves incontinently. This difference, however, is partly to be accounted for by the fact that he puts nothing into permanent improvements on the farm. The English landlord, as a rule, does the fencing and draining, and keeps the buildings in repair, very much as the landlord of a city house does; while the Irish landlord, as a rule, does nothing at all but fix the rent and get it, if he can. But I am told that since the bad times began, a class of

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farmers has grown up in England who approach more nearly to the Irish type—that is, who take or keep farms without capital and without much expectation of employing any labor on them except that of themselves and their families, and who will, therefore, probably cling to them as long as they can make a bare living out of them.

The exceptionally high price of land for villa residences in the neighborhood of London is an indirect result of the decline in the value of agricultural land, or, in other words, of the great fall of rents. The number of people who can afford to keep open house on a large place in the country and have large parties of friends staying with them during the shooting season, has greatly fallen off. But the love of country life among the English (and it is nowhere anything like so great as in England) has not fallen off, and the country place to which he cannot ask people freely to visit him is something to which an Englishman only reconciles himself under the pressure of stern necessity. The small place near London at which no shooting is expected, and to which people can be got to come from London for a day or two, generally "from Saturday to Monday," has come into the field as a very welcome compromise. It is possible at any time, by asking them long enough ahead, for a man who has a pleasant house within fifty miles of London to fill it for two nights at least with agreeable people, who will amuse each other and find enjoyment in the open air and the scenery, without taxing the host to find pleasures for them. Consequently, this sort of place is in great demand, particularly along the southern coast. In fact, great places are now what every lover of the picturesque must consider lamentably cheap; for being cheap and unsalable means that they are not lived in or cared for, and are destined in a large number of cases to go the way of so many old manor houses of an earlier date, and become the tumble-down and somewhat squalid abodes of hard-working farmers. People will not live in the country any longer without society, and society as it is enjoyed in great country houses is a terribly expensive thing.

That the county councils will in the long run probably affect the value of land, through making country life either more or less attractive, there is little doubt. Formerly the magistrates of the county who were able to put "J. P." to their names, governed the county as well as administered its smaller justice. This left the management of local affairs wholly in the hands of the local gentry, or "county families," as they are called, and they liked the work, and took a good deal of pride in it, and did it well, and it added to their local consideration. Now they have lost their administrative powers entirely, and retain only the prerogative of administering petty criminal justice. What will be the effect on their position? Sanguine people say that the traditional respect of the English people for the country gentleman is so strong that they will be sure to elect country gentlemen to the county councils whenever they can be got to serve, and that they will exercise in the councils a predominating influence, and will continue, therefore, to like being country gentleman as much as ever. But people who are not sanguine, and see the way universal suffrage is organized and managed in America, say that this is not true; that the "local manager" will begin to show himself in English county politics in due course of time without doubt, and that he will not be by any means a "nice man" in England any more than in America, and that he will make it his business to disgust the country gentleman with politics and get him out of it, as soon as he can; and that the country gentleman, when he finds himself completely excluded from the management of local affairs, will care less and less for land and live more and more in the city, or, in other words, become more and more like the Italian and French gentry, to whom the country is a social waste. If this should prove all true, of course land would soon everywhere get down to its purely agricultural value, to what it would rent for, or to what a man who worked it could make out of it.

But, even if true, it is still a good way off. A fine place in the country which can be crowded with guests, and which can possibly supply them with plenty of game, is still what nine Englishmen out of ten in professional or commercial life are striving for. It is the great sign in this country of having "arrived," as the French say; and as long as this lasts, hundreds of thousands of pounds of new money will every year go into land. I cannot, in fact, see what is to stop this process except the disappearance of beauty from the English landscape, or of good household servants from the English labor markets. It is the want of the latter which will probably always prevent any real reproduction of English country life on a great scale in America, no matter how numerous our great fortunes may be. No Englishman or Englishwoman would encounter the cares of a great country house if so many of them devolved as directly on the master or mistress as they would in America. In fact, English social life, with its matchless comforts, if not its matchless splendor, depends for its perpetuation to an extraordinary degree on the excellence of its servant class.

PHYSICAL EXERCISE IN FRENCH EDUCATION.

PARIS, July 17, 1889.

THE idea of introducing athletic sports into education is of quite recent growth in France. Yet scarcely had the "Committee for the Propagation of Physical Exercise in Education" taken the initiative a year ago, when another society, under the title of "National League of Physical Education," followed on its heels. They differ widely in theory, however. The National League proposes to introduce physical exercise *officially* into all the schools, colleges, and *lycées;* the Committee propose nothing short of remodelling, through the medium of *voluntary* athletic exercises, the system of French education. The former sees in physical exercise but a physical result; the latter, a means of emancipating the school-boy.

The emancipation of the French school-boy may seem innocent enough to those who inhabit countries where the pedagogic system is based on liberty and independence. In France the motto is authority and respect: authority on the part of the masters in enforcing discipline; on the part of the pupil, respect for the never-to-be questioned rules. And this motto does not apply alone to the education received in religious establishments, but to that imparted in the *lycées* of the University. A foreigner cannot form an idea of the typical old French scholastic life—of its *ennui*, its monotony, its austerity. No idea of it can be given in words. One needs to have experienced it, upheld by the thought that it had a limit, to know what it means. Tasks that would stupefy an adult brain, meals eaten in silence, recreation spent in vague wanderings through the yard, hours of study and respite, were governed alike by a rigid discipline partaking of the cloister and the prison. And this life lasted for years, with a week's holiday at Easter and two months after August. Then, when the full programme of the baccalaureate had been crammed into the young student, his education was declared complete, and he received his diploma from the University. Who considered that, during all those years of preparation which had brought him to man's estate, he had not been allowed to assert his individuality or to act for himself in a single instance?

Since Napoleon I. this régime of education has been going on *sostenuto* up to the present time, when the model scholastic system is publicly suspected of not being quite what it should be. Mothers—they play a great part in French education—were the first to remark that boys were overworked. Even their hot-house-plant appearance was alarming; a remedy was imperative. Then gymnastics were imposed a little more energetically than in the preceding generations, when twice a week pupils were called to order by some bullying ex-fireman to flourish dumb-bells in measure and to jump methodically from a spring-board.

In this awakened interest in favor of physical exercise with classic tuition, the chief recommendation that made it at the outset acceptable was that it would serve as a continued preparation for military service, which every Frenchman must bear in mind. It would make him stronger and more accustomed to discipline. The National League, official intermediary of the movement in question, bases its campaign on this consideration. Doing away in a measure with gymnastics, recognized as almost useless as now practised in schools, it advocates, like its predecessor, coöperative diversion. Only, the prescribed games are enforced in a Spartan-like spirit: the boy is reminded that care of his physique is necessary to the worthy fulfilment of his duty to his country. If he has more opportunity to offset the fatigue of mental training than before, he is also more *enrégimenté* than ever. So far as his moral education is benefited, he might as well be in the *Bataillon Scholaire*, playing soldier with a reduced copy of the regulation gun. It was remarked by several independent spectators who were present at the athletic festival given by the National League in the Tuileries Garden this summer, that the character of the sports was too official to pass as a manifestation from a generation that has turned over a new leaf. The performance of the boys seemed much more that of some *fête de la raison*, with Biceps as the occult deity, than a summer day's recreation to celebrate a step made towards idyllic vigor and manliness. One forgives the somewhat biting sarcasms of the English when, on such occasions, they declare that, apart from military exercises, the French are unfit for the sports which have made the English what they boast of being.

It is, however, by the imitation of this part of English school life that the Committee for the Propagation of Physical Exercise intend to begin the metamorphosis of French education. The introduction of English games, with all their freedom, understood in a broad and liberal spirit, is the starting-point of the reformation. It must be accomplished little by little; the edifice cannot be demolished all at once. It is not only a matter of emancipating pupils, but their masters as well. Until the former collaborate with the latter, and until the relations of the higher authorities with professors cease to be mandatory, a great deal has to be done. For it is well to repeat that the religious educational establishments, so often pointed out as suffering from what is called centralization, are not a whit more cramped by it than the

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University itself. Will the religious establishments ever consent to accept the educational motto of M. Jules Simon, President of the Committee—"*Dieu, Liberté, Patrie*"? My opinion is that they will have recourse to many shifts to disguise from themselves the ugliness of the middle word. The University will reject one, and that will not be the second word of the *motto*; for already, judging by a speech I heard M. Jules Simon make the other day, liberty would not be so objectionable to the University if routine had not put it out of the question.

As this speech was delivered in the amphitheatre of the Sorbonne, the effect was impressive. The occasion was a distribution of prizes and medals awarded to pupils of schools, Parisian, provincial, and colonial, who had taken part in the first athletic competition instituted by the Committee for the Propagation of Physical Exercises. Instead of a Platonic development of the theorem "Mens sana in corpore sano," the smilingly subversive orator, despite the presence of the rector of the Academy by his side, passed in review the old French scholastic life, offered it as prey to the laughter of his auditors, even made light of the baccalaureate, likened the candidate to a horse performing a long and tedious journey, upon whose back a fresh burden is placed at every mile-stone, and who no sooner reaches the goal than he shakes off the load, rolls himself in the sand, and, with a neigh of relief, forgets all about it. Neither did the young athletes receive their Sèvres cup or their silver medal with simple words of commendation for having acquitted themselves well in the new programme. The President did not mince matters; he told the boys that the physical debility remarked in schools was nothing compared to their negativeness of character, and that henceforth, instead of being simple catalogues of mixed lore, they would be on the road to become responsible beings.

As might be supposed, none but an independent lay school could have taken the lead in the move projected by the Committee for the Propagation of Physical Exercise in Education. M. Pierre de Coubertin, who is chief instigator of it, and who spent several months in England studying the school system, found in the principal of the École Monge—noted for innovations in teaching—an able ally. M. Godart had the courage to undertake what other superintendents had not the courage to listen to. He proceeded with practical discretion; one point only of English education was adopted at first—games and exercises as practised across the Channel. These, he considered, created the wanted enthusiasm, and laid the foundations of that social hierarchy peculiar to English schools. The fact that the École Monge is situated in Paris and not surrounded by green fields, was not to be a hindrance to the experiments. So, during the past year, the boys have been taken twice a week to the playgrounds, riding-school, or river for boating, choosing themselves what the sport shall be for the day. Out of the nine hundred pupils of the school, not more than three hundred prefer to remain at work rather than enjoy the opportunities thus offered them. So far, the experiments towards freedom have proved successful. Already in several forms the *maître d'étude*, or usher, is replaced by a delegate or monitor elected by the boys. In the field, the captains, if not yet armed with the absolute authority they are to have, are respectfully listened to, and frequently consulted by their schoolmates gathered under them. It is noticeable that the intriguing spirit of the French school-boy, so apparent in his behavior towards the ushers, quite ceases to exist when having to account to a companion whose own merit has raised him to a superior. He understands that hierarchy is indispensable where liberty exists, just as his principal conceded that sport cannot exist if the boy is held too tight. The École Monge, with its younger sister, the École Alsatienne (founded after the war for children of Alsatian families who adopted France as their country), are the two pillars of the reform.

Some dissatisfied minds have made the discovery that the plan of reform in education applies only to the favored classes. Not at all. It begins, it is true, with a superior public—if one may so express it; but the revolution could not well have begun otherwise. In a work where example is all-important, it is good to convert first those who are to set it. In course of time each class is expected to feel in its measure the influence of what to-day is inoculated in those who are favorably disposed. There is another great obstacle to the initiation being general at the outset—namely, the label of the imported example. The term English education does not please everybody, spite of apparent Anglomania in France. Certainly in the spheres of high life nothing will be said against it, but in the middle classes the spirit of cosmopolitan tolerance has not extended to England. An innovation coming thence will be received with resentment. In the reasoning of these people, English games will have the objectionable appearance of a fashion stinging to their national pride. Not fully grasping the mechanism of the reform in view, they will not understand why cricket or foot-ball should take the place of prisoner's base. Needless to answer them that they cannot challenge a foreign team to play against them prisoner's base; the label is English, and that is sufficient. On the other hand, coming from America, it is quite another thing. The borrowed institution will pass under a recommendation of scientific practicality. That will make the French quite overlook the fact that it is not indigenous to the soil. I may be betraying a secret (if so, let it bear testimony to the ever-increasing sympathy of France for America), but I am told that when the moment comes, the inspirers of the movement, excellent augurs that they are, will announce to the recalcitrant neophytes: "We are going to play as they play in America!"

Preparatory to the Congress for the Propagation of Physical Exercises in Education, held last month, the Committee addressed a circular letter containing a series of questions to the principals of colleges and institutes in the United States, Canada, England, and her colonies. Ninety schools, colleges, and universities of the Union sent in their quota of information. Two principals only were of the opinion that athletic games were unfavorable, though they did not assign reasons for such a belief. It would have been interesting to know if it was based on a consideration that has seldom been broached in America—whether a high measure of physical activity tends to postpone the period of mental maturity. In France the athletic problem has been viewed in this light, but as the subjects on whom experiments are to be made generally show an exaggerated precociousness instead of a tardy development, and as the uproar raised over what was considered an undue forcing of the youthful mind is still very recent, general opinion does not seem very apprehensive of boys becoming boys once more, and of a risk being incurred that the coming generation will turn out overgrown children of twenty as the penalty of too well cultivated muscle. A period of exaggeration is frequently followed by an exaggerated reaction, and we need not be surprised if, after the long neglect of the physical in education during a period in which the only aim was to stock minds after a university conception, the pursuit of physical development should be run into the ground. Nothing can be better if physical development is left optional and all form of militarism in its manifestations religiously avoided. The key to emancipation will then be in the hands of youth itself. "I defy any one to prevent a boy who is physically active and sound from having ideas of his own," said M. Jules Simon. And such is the desideratum: a little more personal judgment and individual initiative. If the "atrophy of will" in this generation has been pointed out, it was not meant to imply that patriotic feeling is lukewarm, or the spirit of duty rarer, but, what is very unflattering to a generation that prides itself on being *dans le mouvement*, that there is a lack of ambition for action.

The system of education is held responsible for this passiveness; yet, how could it be otherwise when all the anticipations of the life that follows school days are compassed by generic titles—*the army, the law, the administration*? Add to this the habitual desire of parents, as some one so well expressed it, to push their sons from one harness into another, and it is clear how the young man chooses his career with a degree of passiveness that looks like fatalistic resignation. But it is just to say that in many instances education is not solely responsible for this apathy. In France as in several other countries of Europe, the creeds of caste exert a strong pressure. Progressivism has not yet taught "the family" that careers are no longer to be classed as noble and non-noble.

When new principles of liberty and hierarchy shall have been introduced, through the medium of games, in the life of pupils, and when there shall be established a closer and more intimate relation between these and their masters, then there will have been created a social atmosphere hitherto unknown in French colleges. The boy will learn to measure his own level, and to decide for himself what he is best fitted for in life. Then the "atrophy of will" will tend to disappear. Of the young men of wealth, more will choose a path where less is expected of convenient opportunities. In other branches, if the army of Government officials does not grow less, less numerous will be the dissatisfied abstainers whose grievance is that the Government is not to their liking. On the other hand, if we do not presume to say that debating societies—a complement of the school reform—will prove a training-ground for patriots more tolerant and liberal, at least it is to be hoped that in the field of sport may be accomplished what no reform of party could bring about—the hearty fusion between the elements of a young generation heretofore ignorant of and ignoring each other.

LE COCQ DE LAUTREPPE.

THE TOMB OF PHARIS.

ATHENS, July 5, 1889.

THE great tomb of Pharis near Spata, at the opening of which I had hoped to assist, has proved to be one of the most fortunate discoveries of late years; but I was unfortunately called to Crete by political disturbances, and missed the *première* of it. It has been found to contain objects of gold and silver as well as of bronze, the importance of which can hardly be estimated at once, but which will, I believe, revolutionize the current ideas of early Greek art. A first examination of the find in the restoring room of the Museum, prior to the arrangement of the objects in their cases, and on the eve of my quitting Athens, leaves me

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still a little confused on certain points; but the minute and exact relation of the excavator, Mr. Tsoundas, will soon be published, and I must be contented with the pleasure of giving publicity to the main facts.

The tomb is one of the class of Spata, and like the more important of the Achaian series at Mycenæ, with the exception that, as I am told by Tsoundas, the great chamber is, contrary to the practice in most of those tombs, surrounded by a series of loculi in which there had been interments. But I will give the note in which Tsoundas replies to my inquiry as to the manner of burial, a point almost as important as the nature of the contents of the graves:

"The tomb of Pharis has, like those of Mycenæ, the form of a tholos [commonly called bee-hive tombs], and contains, exceptionally, a grave dug in the soil a little to the left of the centre, and similar in form and size to the ordinary Greek tombs and to those of to-day. In this grave, in which I found the vases of gold and the greater part of the other objects, there were neither ashes nor bones. I believe that the dead was not burned, but that the bones have been reduced to dust by the lapse of time. Outside of the grave thus dug, the earth [floor] of the tomb was covered with ashes and charcoal, which may have been the remains of the funeral piles on which the bodies of the dead were burned; but it is also probable that they came from the victims which they offered up in honor of the dead. The question would be answered if I had been able to determine the presence of human bones so burned; but I found only fragments of bones utterly insufficient to determine it. It may be, then, that the dead buried outside of the grave were burned, but it cannot be proved."

The contents of the grave and the loculi comprise many objects of bronze, some implements of familiar form and some new: a knife of peculiar and puzzling form; a lance of most admirable workmanship and mounted in a manner quite unique with bone; weapons of more than usual elaborateness of make and finish; a large number of amethyst beads; some rings, of which one is like the gold rings found in the Schliemann graves, with engraving in gold of designs of Eastern character, and some evidently worn by women, of which one has a gem set in it, and one or more of bronze; other objects in ivory, etc., of the kind already made familiar to us from Spata; the remains of silver cups mounted in gold, of most exquisite workmanship, but of which the silver is almost entirely corroded away; fifty "island stones," some of which show the most delicate and elaborate engraving, but do not otherwise differ from those found in the other tombs described in my last; and, finally and of the highest importance, a sword of the peculiar gold-encrusted workmanship of which the only examples hitherto found were in the Schliemann graves, and two cups of pure gold, of the workmanship of the best of those found in the same collection, of riveted work, but with designs in repoussé of a character of which we have, so far as I know, no other example. The cups are evidently intended as a pair, and one is surrounded with a scene of wild-cattle hunting, in which the cattle are designed and executed in a manner unlike anything in known Greek archaic art for freedom and spirit of action as well as truthfulness to nature, and the other contains a pendant of the cattle reduced to domestication. The pictorial qualities of the two designs are thus, it will be seen, at variance in the very conception with all archaic art of the range which has been seen to come into the horizon of Greece, because this pictorial and naturalistic character is opposed to the hieratic traditions and all the borrowed conventionalism which enter so largely into the composition of the earliest art we know as properly Greek. The very idea of the making two designs as pendants—one all action and combat, full of energy, a bull goring one of the hunters and another tossing a second into the air, and a third bull plunging into a net of ropes; with the other tranquil and peaceful, the cattle grouped in an almost Dutch composition, with the herdsman tying one of them by the foot; landscape backgrounds, trees, etc.—is unlike anything we know of the tendencies of any ancient art, except as it may be indicated by the designs on Cretan coins, and there only to a very limited extent. These designs have nothing in common with the heraldic designs of the most of the engraved stones found with them and in the other tombs about Mycenæ, to which I have alluded as the island stones, but there are two or three among the magnificent collection now in the Athens Museum which show the elements of the same pictorial design, while the delineation of the animals and the commonly visible difference in the treatment of the human figure, in comparison with that of the animals so much inferior (as is the case, for the rest, in most archaic art), sufficiently point out the relationship of the two. The common source of the two was indicated in what I had to say of the great relief of the Lion Gate, and here we can see additional confirmation.

I have not gone through the list of objects found, for many merely serve to establish community of epoch and technique with other deposits. There are also some remains of iron implements, but so corroded as only to serve as evidence of the presence of that metal. It will be remembered that the absence of iron in the Schliemann graves has led to conjectures of the most contradictory character, some considering it as proof that the interment was prior to the knowledge of iron, others that it was so late that iron was of no value to the diggers of those graves. I think we can now solve the entire problem with greater conclusiveness than I had ever hoped to arrive at. The discovery in this tomb, and in a relation which must be considered as demonstrating the fact of its being their original interment, of the objects which have most puzzled the archæological world, viz., the gold-encrusted swords and the cups of gold of that peculiar primitive technique which have been found only hitherto in the Schliemann tombs, must, I think, be accepted as conclusive of their being of an art familiar to the Achaians, to whom these graves belonged.

But the Schliemann graves are not Achaian graves, either in the manner of construction or interment; and the finding in the former of objects which are neither Achaian nor archaic, such as the masks of gold and certain barbaric gold work which is akin to that found at Hallstadt in the Danube Valley (v. Collignon, 'Arch. Grecque'), or to that found by Stefani in the Crimea; the vases of alabaster of a form and workmanship so modern that it is difficult to believe them of a provenance anterior to the Christian era, though they probably are of the Macedonian; the medley of work of various types, and evidently of various later epochs with that which is identical with what is now found in the oldest Greek tombs we know of, and nowhere else, are strong indications that the deposit of Mycenæ is a late one. Long ago I pointed out that the structures around the graves, unmistakably houses of a rude and barbarous character, were made up with the aid of the débris of the ancient and the classical cities, and must therefore be subsequent to the ruin of Mycenæ by the Argives. I was met by the unquestionable fact that the objects buried were of a great and unassignable antiquity, as if that were any reply to the undeniable lateness of the structures indicated. The condition of the skeletons and the manner of burial showed that it clearly was not Greek; the miniature Druidical circle above the graves was an indication of Celtic agency; the nature of the grave was an indication that concealment was the object; the fact that the principal personage, as indicated by the distinction of the burial (Schliemann's "Agamemnon"), was a woman, is *pro tanto* suggestive of a northern barbarism; the fact that there was no iron in a deposit so largely composed of weapons as to refute the hypothesis that this could have been the burial of a warrior with his personal armory (had it not been a woman), pointed to its being merely a treasure deposit, since we find iron with the same objects in their undoubtedly original interment; while the entirely non-Greek character of all the objects found in the graves which are necessarily referred to the authors of the burial, compels us to seek a foreign attribution for it. Add to this that in all the Achaian tombs which have been found to contain the objects buried with the dead, there have been found island stones, and none in the Schliemann graves, though they were found in the earth outside of the graves, together with the fragments of the so-called Mycenæ pottery and other articles originally contained in the earth in which the graves were dug, but not in the graves (the stones having no value to a barbarian eye), and we can form the opinion that the people whose graves these were had no care for art, but had collected what had an intrinsic value in their estimation.

Among the objects, either of gold or pottery, in the entire series of graves which can be certainly assigned to the authors of these interments, there is not one which has any relation to any Greek art of any epoch, while there are analogies with several barbaric finds; but the difficulty of placing the swords of bronze inlaid with gold and the gold cups found in such profusion, and which so well illustrate the epithet of "golden Mycenæ," has always prevented an assignment to any epoch within the limits of the prehistoric. This difficulty the Pharis discovery at length enables us to overcome, and to my mind it completes the demonstration that the Schliemann graves are the work of a barbaric tribe who had, in the time between the fall of Mycenæ and the establishment of the Roman rule, invaded the Peloponnesus, and temporarily established themselves in the always strong fortifications of Mycenæ, where they met some fatal disaster by defeat or pestilence, which caused the death of several of their ruling family, who were buried, according to the custom of more than one barbaric people, with their treasures, derived mainly from the pillage of temple and other treasure and (now I add) tombs, which I did not formerly suspect, because the puzzling objects had not to a satisfactory extent been found in tombs. This theory is the only one which will account for all the facts, and I hope to be enabled at no distant time to demonstrate its validity fully, and with the aid of illustrations which I cannot attempt here.

The historic clue is given us in the passage of Diodorus which tells us that Pyrrhus employed as mercenaries the Galatians; that these mercenaries, discovering that the royal tombs in Greece contained treasures, set about pillaging them, and that the King, not being able to dispense with their services, was unable to stop the sacrilege. We know that these Galatians (Gauls) invaded Greece on their own account, and when the treasure-hunting mania was on them, they were not likely to be ignorant of the fact that Mycenæ had many great tombs. That the robbery of these huge structures had

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never before been practised, at least in an open way, is clear from the fact that the Gauls of Pyrrhus found their treasure intact, and on the other hand we find all the great tombs in the neighborhood of Mycenæ plundered as well as the greater part of the less conspicuous ones, which are, unlike the great ones, carefully concealed under the earth, burrowed in the side of the mountain, and apparently planned for concealment, or at least not for display, while the great tombs are conspicuous and always partly above ground. That the Pharis tomb escaped is due probably to its position in a remote province and its isolation amidst a warlike population. Pharis had, moreover, disappeared as a city before the epoch of Pyrrhus, and has left no renown.

We know that the robbing of Greek tombs was practised down into the time of the Roman occupation; and a very curious confirmation of the hypothesis that the late inhabitants of Mycenæ were tomb-robbers, is found in the fact that Tsoundas discovered in one of the most miserable of the mortar and rubble houses of the lower part of the city a small collection of the least valuable objects which are found in the tombs about the city; while in the ruins of the palace which I described in my former letter on Mycenæ no object of that epoch was met with. It is to be hoped that the deliberations of the Archæological Society of Athens will result in the decision to clear entirely the site of Mycenæ from the débris of its repeated demolitions, and give us what is left of the fragments of the most glorious epoch of Greek existence, though the least known to history. W. J. Stillman.

Correspondence.

THE TEMPLES AT AGRIGENTUM.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: I have no theory as to the placing of Greek temples, and much of the reasoning of "N. J. B.," in his communication in the *Nation* of June 27, seems very strong. My visit to Agrigentum (1885) is more recent than his, however, and I must call in question the accuracy of his memory in some particulars. The description of the site of the city as "built on one long hillside sloping up about eight feet in one hundred from the Mediterranean, the nearest point of the old city having been about a mile and a half from the sea," is not at all in accordance with my recollection; nor that the temples of Concord and Lacinian Juno were "on a slight elevation, the scarped face of which forms the wall in that place." As I sat in my room in the Hôtel des Temples, I looked over the lower slopes of the city, with their temples, to the sea, I should have said six or eight miles away, but the Cyclopædia says three miles. But that is not the important point. The elevation upon which the temples stand may almost be called a ridge, falling away slightly, if I remember aright, towards the city, and towards the sea very steep and abrupt, nearly perpendicular to a depth of at least fifty feet, and then sloping down into a somewhat deep valley, separating it from the higher land beyond.

I remember this with great distinctness because, while we were in the temple of Concord, our attention was attracted by a pleasing warbling sound, and, looking down the cliff, we saw a shepherd boy standing with his legs crossed, just as in ancient representations, leaning on his crook and piping to his sheep—a genuine bit of antiquity. The scene fixed itself vividly upon my memory, and I am sure that no position could more completely support Mr. Stillman's thesis that the temples were located with a view to defence. I remember thinking at the time how strong for defence the city was on that side. The assertion that there was "nothing like an acropolis" at the upper part of the city, is equally conflicting with my memory. The most striking object, as one approaches the city by the railway, and on the way from the station, is the acropolis (called, I think, *Empedocle*), considerably elevated above the modern city, and quite steep towards the outside, although not so much so as the place where the temples stand, along the southern wall. William F. Allen.

Madison, Wis., July 28, 1889.

[Prof. Allen's recollection is confirmed by the plan of Agrigentum on page 78, vol. i, of Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Geography.'—Ed. Nation.]

THE SOUTH AND ITS BARBARIANS.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the *Nation* of July 18 I find a letter from "A Southern Pastor," who, though a minister of the Gospel of Peace, calmly defends lynch law, as applied to his colored "brethren in Christ Jesus." He says: "But with regard to lynching for rape, it is indeed a desperate remedy; but what other can be used for so desperate a disease?" And again: "It does, indeed, reveal a state of civilization but little removed from barbarism, but it is the barbarism of a race forced into contact with civilization, and civilization must protect itself by methods which would not be needed if the barbarism were not there."

That is to say, civilized Southerners, having formerly imported barbarism into their midst under pretence of Christianizing it (while, of course, utilizing its brute strength in the service of their own laziness), and finding that barbarians, when treated as barbarians, remain barbarians still, now endeavor to protect their own precious civilization by methods which are absolute barbarism. The logic of the worthy pastor is certainly very strange. Did it never occur to him that, as civilized Christians, it is the Southerners' duty to elevate this barbarism by at least Christian and civilized methods? How can they expect to teach the "brutal savages" a respect for law and justice by a systematic violation of this same law and justice? It is as though one should attempt to teach honesty to a thief by stealing from him what little he might honestly possess.

Wm. Schuyler.

Webster Grove, Mo., July 31.

Notes.

A. Lovell & Co. will publish next month 'The Honors of the Empire State in the War of the Rebellion,' by Thomas S. Townsend.

In October, Ginn & Co. will bring out a 'History of the Roman People,' by Prof. William F. Allen of the University of Wisconsin, as a substitute for the second part of Myers's 'Outlines of Ancient History.'

Thomas Whittaker will shortly have ready a second edition of King's 'Classical and Foreign Quotations.'

The Rev. Henry C. McCook, Vice-President of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, is prepared to issue his natural history of the habits and industry of our orb-weaving spider fauna, under the title 'American Spiders and their Spinningwork.' It will be profusely illustrated—mostly from pen-and-ink designs, to judge from the prospectus, but also, in the third and last volume, by tinted lithography. Five hundred copies will be the limit of the edition, to be sold by subscription by the author himself (Philadelphia, 19th and Race Streets).

The Dean of Salisbury has performed a real service in extracting 'Characters and Episodes of the Great Rebellion' from Clarendon's History and Autobiography (Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan). The characters, as may be supposed, greatly outnumber the episodes, and for this reason an index was especially called for, but one must hunt what he seeks in the table of contents. We judge from a comparison of the texts that Dean Boyle has had the advantage of Macray's fine edition of the 'History of the Rebellion,' issued from the same press last year, but he makes no mention of it, which is all the stranger because he ought to have invited his readers to drink more deeply at the original fountain. He might well, too, have numbered his extracts in accordance with that edition, whereas he simply acknowledges the book and not the section or paragraph. These trifling drawbacks seem to us to bear a psychological relation to the Dean's Introduction of four pages without a breathing-space. The volume is beautifully printed, and is admirably calculated for private enjoyment or for reading in our higher schools.

It is of good omen that 'Caspar's Directory of the American Book, News and Stationery Trade' (Milwaukee: C. N. Caspar) has for a frontispiece a likeness of the late Frederick Leypoldt. The execution is up to the standard implied in this homage to an unwearied bibliographer. The Directory proper fills 570 pages in well-chosen type with a bold face. There follows a digest of trade-lists of the American book-publishers—*i. e.*, "an index according to subjects, with cross-references"; a similar guide to the stationers, etc.; a gazetteer of the trade, or "geographical classification"—about 400 pages; an alphabetical directory of the trade by classes—200 pages in close triple columns; a classification of the periodical literature of the United States and Canada; a long list of practical bibliographies; and finally a technical vocabulary in English, French, German, Italian, Dutch, Latin, Greek, etc., under one alphabet. We feel certain that so much well-directed and intelligent labor will find its reward among those immediately interested in such a compilation.

E. J. Brill of Leyden has published Part III. of 'A Classified List of all simple and compound Cuneiform Ideographs occuring in the texts hitherto published, with their Assyro-Babylonian equivalents, phonetic values, etc.,' compiled by Rudolph E. Brunnow, Ph.D. The work thus brought to a completion is a monument of patience and industry. It is furnished with a number of valuable indices, among them a list of non-Semitic verbal forms, which shows that Dr. Brunnow is not smitten with the unbelief, now so fashionable, in the existence of the Sumero-Akkadian language. It is a pity that the author did not push his index-making a little further, and furnish a list of meanings to the Assyrian and Akkadian words quoted in his book; such a list would have been welcomed by all Assyrologists. The work is a standard one, and must be in the hands of all scholars engaged in cuneiform research.

The Bureau of Education is issuing in rapid succession its histories of education in the several States. That on Georgia, the last noticed by us, is now followed up by one on South Carolina, by Colyer Meriwether; Florida, by

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George Cary Bush; and Wisconsin, by Wm. F. Allen and David E. Spencer. They are illustrated like the rest of the series.

Mr. John Fiske, in his 'Beginnings of New England,' has reopened the old sore between Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Mr. S. S. Rider, in his Providence *Book Notes* for August 3, comes to the defence of Samuel Gorton in his customary trenchant manner.

A meritorious piece of work is Mr. George C. Wilson's brochure on 'Town and City Government in Providence' (Providence: Tibbitts & Preston), well fortified by authorities. We may mention in connection with it 'The River Towns of Connecticut: A Study of Wethersfield, Hartford, and Windsor,' by Charles M. Andrews, in the seventh series of the Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.

We ought some weeks ago to have called attention to Mr. Samuel Thurber's paper in the Syracuse *Academy* for May, on the "Annotation of Texts for School Use," a forcible protest against this practice as being an impediment to the enjoyment of literature for its own sake. "Annotation, at its best," says Mr. Thurber, "contemplates erudition. The school does not contemplate erudition. This is the fatal incompatibility. In the high court of pedagogy it should be ground for a divorce. . . . The teacher's function is not erudition, and he should not dally with it, that is, *as teacher*, or allow its aims and methods to be in the least degree his aims and methods." If we are not mistaken, this principle has a wider application than the writer contemplates in his paper. The highest improvement in collegiate instruction in the future seems to us to lie in the direction of a division between learning for the sake of culture and learning for the sake of erudition. The elective system makes such a division both possible and easy.

In the sixty-eighth annual report of the Mercantile Library of this city, we read not only that 140 copies of 'Robert Elsmere' and 62 copies of 'John Ward, Preacher' were necessary to supply the demand, but that 35 copies of Bryce's 'American Commonwealth' and 26 of Motley's 'Correspondence' had to be purchased.

Apropos of the recent erection by the city of Paris of a monument to Étienne Dolet, *Le Livre* for July has a paper describing a rare book, Dolet's translation and own master-printer edition of Cicero's 'Familiar Epistles' (Lyons, 1542). Dolet's body was, four years later, after execution, consumed by fire, and his books with it. This one has also been through the flames, though not fatally damaged. M. Vingtrinier, however, does not regard it as a brand plucked from the Paris bonfire of 1546, but connects it with the library of Jean II. de Tournes, which was burned in a Catholic outbreak at Lyons in September, 1567.

A novel publication, a Spanish children's monthly magazine, *La Edad de Oro*, has just been started by José Martí and A. Da Costa Comez, at No. 77 William Street. It is illustrated.

The recent return of M. Jules Borelli to France leads the *Indépendance Belge* to give a concise account of his four years' journey of exploration in Eastern Africa. His starting-point was Obock, a French dependency on the Gulf of Aden, whence he made his way with some difficulty to Shoa, the southernmost of the petty States formerly subject to the King of Abyssinia. There he turned southward to gain the source of the river Omo, whose course it was the principal object of his journey to trace. He claims to have found this in a forest called Babbia, at the junction of several mountain-drains, and to have followed it to the Lake Schambara, or Samburu, in the Galla country. This lake, doubtless the one recently visited by Graf Teleki and named by him Lake Rudolf, he describes as very shallow, surrounded by reedy banks, and without an outlet. He also states that it is below the level of the Victoria Nyanza, into which a stream from Samburu has been said to flow. If M. Borelli's observations should prove to be correct (and it must be said that they do not agree with those of other travellers), another of the disputed questions of African geography will have been settled, for the river Omo has been claimed by some as one of the sources of the Nile, while others have represented it as flowing into the Indian Ocean under the name of Jub.

An obvious slip of the pen on the part of Dr. Hartshorne, and oversight in proof-reading, led to the attribution of Morton's 'Crania Americana' to Dr. Caspar Wistar, in the last paragraph of the letter on p. 94 of last week's *Nation*, entitled "Works on Human Anatomy."

—Volumes 7 and 8 of Stedman and Hutchinson's 'Library of American Literature' (Chas. L. Webster & Co.) are still occupied with Part iii. of the "Literature of the Republic." Leading off with Dr. O. W. Holmes, who was born in 1809, they close with writers born as late as 1832—the arrangement being as heretofore by seniority. As will be inferred, both the period of the anti-slavery agitation and that of the civil war tinge the present series of extracts, from the mistaken and falsified "Cotton is King" calculations of J. H. Hammond and A. T. Bledsoe, through Sumner's "Crime against Kansas," Sanborn's characterization of John Brown, Phillips's ranging himself under the hitherto pro-slavery flag of the Union, Alexander Stephens's making slavery the corner-stone of the Confederacy, Sheridan's account of his Winchester ride, Sherman's picture of the march to the sea, Grant's simple tale of the surrender at Appomattox, and Beecher's sermon on the death of Lincoln, to Greeley's manful standing by his action for the release of Jeff Davis. There is, perhaps, quite as much history as literature in all this, but it is the merit of the 'Library' that so much of the national life has designedly been caught up in it—preserved, but not mummified, for it will quicken the next generation of readers if not our own. If we should complain of any defect in representation, it would be in the case of Stephen A. Douglas, who is allowed only one extract, and that from his loyal utterances in the face of the rebellion. Some specimen of his Jacksonian vulgarity, his squatter-sovereignty sophistry, his debates with Lincoln, would have been useful. There is a relatively small amount of biographic portraiture, as in Schurz's summing up of Clay, Dana's estimate of Greeley, etc. A fresh instalment of "Noted Sayings" is given, chiefly political; there is a brief anthology consisting of negro "spirituals" in addition to S. C. Foster's household songs, and another of songs and ballads of the civil war. The tariff cuts but a slender figure in these volumes, yet we are glad that the editors have embalmed Mr. Isaac Edwards Clarke's wonderful tirade against British policy as opposed to American industry, under cover of a public document on "Industrial and High Art Education in the United States," now four years old.

—Much the most space assigned to anybody (37 pages) is put at Mr. Lowell's disposal, and here, while the selections in prose and verse are fairly representative, it is to be noticed that his elder muse is drawn upon far more extensively than his later. Walt Whitman is certainly given the benefit of the doubt when displayed in 13 pages, of which the greater part resembles rhythmical prose renderings of foreign original poetry. There is a happy selection from Cabot's 'Emerson' as to the sage's reading and use of books and consciously scrappy style, and that from Judd's 'Margaret' could hardly be bettered. Dr. Hale's 'Man Without a Country' is cleverly epitomized. Miss Delia Bacon's fatal hobby finds a place. The sole extract from the writings of Prof. W. D. Whitney relates to spelling reform—to his perfect content, we do not doubt. The late Michael Heilprin is commemorated by a passage from his 'Historical Poetry of the Ancient Hebrews' touching the authorship of the Psalms. This section of the 'Library' contains, besides, a great many names well forgotten and obscure, with such examples as justify their fate. One is struck, too, with the number who wrote poetry while known altogether or principally for their prose. Thus, a poem by Gen. Frémont seems almost a sport. The portraits, as heretofore, are very unequal in merit; some appear to be here reproduced for the first time.

—In connection with the review of Edward Fizgerald's Life which we print this week, it is proper to refer to the lines which Browning, in a moment of passion, has addressed to him. Browning thought himself aggrieved by a passage in these Letters in which Fitzgerald said that the death of Mrs. Browning was "rather a relief," and thanked God that there were to be "no more Aurora Leighs." The editor of the volume, Mr. Wright, has humbly apologized, in the *Athenæum*, for his oversight in allowing these words to stand in the text. Of Browning's verses, it is enough to say that their vulgarity would have been inexcusable had he been justly incensed, and that their publication for the purpose of insulting a fellow-poet in his grave displays a spirit but faintly characterized when it is called unchristian. As to the offence itself, we must confess that we see no occasion for the editor's humble apology. If Browning, in a fit of passion, misunderstood the meaning of the words, and supposed that Fitzgerald had been "glad of Mrs. Browning's death," there was no reason why the editor and representative of Fitzgerald should have set the seal of truth on this meaning, and so seem to convict his friend of inhuman insensibility and ungentlemanly expression. Fitzgerald was sufficiently a gentleman not to permit himself to say in private, even in the inconsiderateness of a letter, anything to be ashamed of; and Browning's objection is not to the publication, be it noted, but to the sentiment itself. Fitzgerald was a man of the most refined taste in poetry, and he was glad that there were to be "no more Aurora Leighs." This is a very different thing from being glad that Mrs. Browning was dead. The one is a literary opinion, and no more; the other would have been a moral offence. Fitzgerald's expression was limited by the context to Mrs. Browning's literary career; *its* end was "rather a relief"—that is the plain sense. Whether he was right or not, contemporary opinion about literature has much value, and, coming from a critic like him, this strong disapproval of "Aurora Leighs" was worth having. Is it necessary that there should be only praise of distinguished writers by their contemporaries? Must we have only parlor-biographies? It seems to us that sensitiveness has gone quite far enough in this direction. Fitzgerald had a right to be glad that a certain sort of poetry was at an end without being accused of inhumanity of a gross sort; if his opinions were to be published,

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the public were as much interested to know what he thought of Mrs. Browning's verse as of any other subject of common public discussion. From whatever point of view the matter be regarded, Browning's brutally expressed insult to one whose character could not have been unknown to him, is the only offence that we can find.

—One topic leading to another, we are now asked by some of our Southern readers whether, when we lately expressed our belief that not a decade had passed since 1755, down to 1861, without a slave-burning in some part of the United States, we meant to state that such burnings *at the South* were "under form or color of law," *i. e.*, "legal executions for crimes." No such implication was in our mind, but merely that, wherever slavery lasted, the population—and we will now add, high and low—were in the "slave-burning stage." The two Massachusetts burnings of negro women in 1681 and 1755 were outdone by the burning of fourteen negroes (accused of a plot to burn this city) in New York in the summer of 1741, and of two more at Hackensack, New Jersey, during the same panic. These were all, we believe, legal executions—certainly those in New York were—and it may be impossible to match them at the South, just as the North furnishes no parallel to the witch-burning which Drake, in his 'Annals of Witchcraft' (p. 215), alleges to have taken place in South Carolina in 1712 by order of a local vigilance committee. Whether legal or extra-legal or illegal, matters nothing; the stage of civilization (or barbarism) was the same.

—A typical illustration of our meaning is afforded by the burning of the negro McIntosh at St. Louis on April 28, 1836—for denouncing which in his *Observer* E. P. Lovejoy prepared the way for his own martyrdom (almost by fire). McIntosh was indeed not a slave, being cook on a steamboat from Pittsburgh; but he was black and a rough character, and he fatally stabbed an officer who was taking him to jail. On the night of the same day a mob took him forcibly from prison, chained him to a tree, and burned him alive. Lovejoy expressly denied that this atrocity was fairly representative of the moral condition of the people of St. Louis. Nevertheless, it met with general approval, and Judge Lawless charged the Grand Jury that the question of indicting the perpetrators hinged upon the action being "of the many or of the few." He pronounced it not that "of numerable and ascertainable malefactors, but of congregated thousands," seized by a "mysterious metaphysical and almost electric phrenzy." This was the phrenzy which seized the citizens of Charleston when they burnt the abolition mail in 1835, with the approval of Amos Kendall, Postmaster-General. Any black man guilty of killing a white man or of rape on a white woman was liable, under slavery at the South, to be lynched at the stake, with the sanction of the community, which was as good as law (*salus populi suprema lex*). Of this nature was probably the case we referred to at Tuskogee, Ga., on October 9, 1860, when some one hundred and fifty citizens tried and sentenced and burnt a slave between morning and evening. Our correspondents will find the details in a letter of that date to the Columbus (Ga.) *Enquirer*. If we are not greatly in error, there has been at least one burning of a black man at the South since the war—of course by a mob.

—The glaciers at the foot of Mt. St. Elias are the subject of a paper in the July Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society. The author, H. W. Topham, spent nearly a month in exploring them, and succeeds in giving a very clear idea of their position and peculiar characteristics. He was able to reach the so-called crater, the bottom of which he found to be full of ice. As no rocks of volcanic origin could be discovered, he doubted if it could be regarded as a crater in the true sense of the word. The summit of the mountain, some 8,000 feet above this point, was inaccessible on account of the loose débris of which this side was composed, which is continually falling, so that no step was quite safe; and the clouds of dust which his party raised as they climbed was such that "the last man had great difficulty to see where to walk." At one point they came to the edge of a "couloir about 3,000 feet in height, down which stones are continually falling, owing to the rapid disintegration of the mountain. They never cease falling, and a pillar of dust ascends high into the air, giving the appearance, when seen from a distance, of steam or smoke, and the wind plays upon the dust just as it plays upon the Staubbach and other high waterfalls, wafting it to and fro, and sporting with it as it likes. As we approached the mountain from the Tyndall Glacier, we had been under the impression that the pillar of dust was smoke or steam due to volcanic agency, and although we had examined the phenomenon through a powerful telescope, we continued of the same opinion until we arrived close to it and discovered its true nature." It is not impossible that this phenomenon may have caused Mt. St. Elias to be described as an active volcano—for example, in the article on Alaska in the last edition of the 'Encyclopædia Britannica.' Species of phlox and harebell were found in one sunny spot at a height of 4,500 feet above the sea; but all vegetation, exclusive of lichens, generally ceased at a line of 3,000 feet. An excellent map, and a fine view of the mountain from a photograph taken on the Malaspina glacier, accompany the paper. The question as to whether the summit is on American or British territory was discussed by the Society at its meeting in April.

— We are indebted to a correspondent, "F. H.," for the following account of a Hindoo notability lately deceased:

"Out of the host of Americans who, during the last half-century, have visited Calcutta, there must be a good number, among the living, to whom mention of the name of Baboo Rajinder Dutt will revive the memory of a man that no one knew but to esteem. At the time when I made his acquaintance, as long ago as 1846, the fame which he enjoyed to the close of his career was already established. To be equally respected by his own countrymen and by foreigners is seldom the fortune of a native of India; but such was his fortune, and on the most unquestionable grounds. Nor were his efforts in behalf of his fellow-men confined to the limit of so few years as were allotted to those other memorable Hindoos of this century, Rammohun Roy, Dwarkanath Tagore, Dr. Bhan Daji, and Keshub Chunder Sen, inasmuch as he had reached the age of seventy-one when he died on the 5th of last June.

"Very few, comparatively, among Bengalees, were the coevals of Rajinder Dutt who, like him, were carefully instructed in our language in childhood, and, as the result of acquiring a taste for English literature and science, ended with becoming virtually deorientalized. Born to opulence, and with leisure at will, he devoted himself indefatigably to study while still a youth, and also began to accumulate books of almost every description. Even before he was thirty, his library was by far the largest and the most valuable of any private person in Calcutta, and it went on growing to the last. And he added nothing to it merely for display. Every volume that he purchased he dipped into for at least an hour or two before consigning it to his shelves, in prelibation, generally (if it was not a work of reference), of early deliberate perusal. And very deliberate was that perusal as well as critical.

"To give an illustration, some six months after he had received the first collective edition of Landor's works, the arrival of which he hailed with the warmth of an enthusiast, we agreed to discuss it, as we had both read it in the meantime. Without exaggeration, he seemed to have it all but by heart. Many were the long sittings which our discussion occupied; and I was thus afforded ample opportunity for observing his familiarity with biography and history. Its range and its exactness were surprising.

"But his chief title to admiration is still behind. In every fibre of his soul he was a philanthropist. Creed or social position was to him indifferent; it was enough that he knew of the existence of suffering, and he was ready with brain and purse. And his helpfulness in countless instances was manifested not only by his personal attendance in the character of a physician, but by his relieving need of every kind. His bearing, in doing good, was not so much that of one conferring, as that of one receiving, an obligation. The thought of any sort of return for his benefactions seemed never to enter his mind. That his boundless generosity impaired his fortune most materially was inevitable, but it caused him no disquiet to be no longer wealthy. His single aim was, at whatever self-sacrifice, to be of service to his fellow-men. In fact, he was an avatar of altruism.

"Physically he was in no way remarkable. He was of medium height, lithe of figure, purely Caucasian as to features, and rather dark for a Bengalee of good family. His expression was one of marked intelligence; yet, what with his vivacity, his abruptness of manner, and his entire freedom from solemnity of aspect, he altogether belied the notions which are ordinarily associated with an Asiatic. For the rest, depressed by no adversity, fertile of resource, perpetually alert, strenuous in endeavor, and good-natured, he would, but for his complexion and dress, have been indistinguishable in most essentials from the typical American.

"Considering his antecedents, seconded by a keen appreciation of evidence, and fearlessness as a logician, it is no wonder that he sat loose to the religion of his forefathers. Having once clearly defined the inscrutable to himself, he calmly set it on one side, and devoted himself thenceforward to matters indisputably intelligible—the offices of humanity. Righteous in all his instincts, he translated them into practice to the best of his power. His, through long years, were the actions that alone 'smell sweet and blossom in the dust.' Never can the Ganges have borne in its bosom, to their ocean tomb, the ashes of a man richer in every virtue that merits to be recorded with reverence."

THE TRANSLATOR OF OMAR KHAYYAM.

Letters and Literary Remains of Edward Fitzgerald. Edited by William Aldis Wright. Macmillan & Co. 1889. 3 vols.

EDWARD FITZGERALD, without being essential to the literary history of his time, has made to it the very real contribution of a pleasant memory. If these letters had unfortunately perished, his name would have allured the imagination of lovers of literature eager to know more of this shy, eccentric, modest man, the writer in his youth of a poem that Lamb envied him, and in age of a translation that added almost an original classic to English, the life-long friend of Tennyson, Thackeray, and Spedding. The publication of his correspondence, however, has dispelled the mystery and disclosed the man in his tastes, friendships, peculiarities—the whole range of his "innocent *far-niente* life" as it seemed to Carlyle. One recurs after reading these pages to Tennyson's dedicatory poem addressed to Fitzgerald—perhaps the poet's most masterly piece of light verse—only to be surprised at the truth of the characterization there given. There is nothing in these letters so fine as the picture in those opening stanzas of "Old Fitz" in his "suburb-grange," with the rosy-footed doves flying about and perching upon him; but there

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are many touches that bring his temperament and life before us with a similar vividness and felicity. And the rest of Tennyson's poem—the vegetarianism of his friend, "that large infidel, your Omar," and even the discontent of Fitzgerald with the work of the Laureate, after 1842, so deftly glanced at in the last lines:

> "When, in our younger London days,
> You found some merit in my rhymes,
> And I more pleasure in your praise"—

all this is amplified and illustrated, with much besides, just as the leisurely reader of Tennyson might wish it. The memoir has this poetical atmosphere; the life itself, an English country life, reminds one of what Fitzgerald writes of the County of Suffolk—"Now I say that all this shows that we in this Suffolk are not so completely given over to prose and turnips as some would have us. I always said that, being near the sea, and being able to catch a glimpse of it from the tops of hills and of houses, redeemed Suffolk from dulness, and at all events that our turnip fields, dull in themselves, were at least set all round with an undeniably poetic element."

Tennyson does not touch at all upon Fitzgerald's most marked trait. He was an Englishman of the closest attachment to things English. He never went out of the country but once, and then to the Netherlands, where he had a miserable sojourn, and he was thankful beyond most travellers when he got home again. He began life with this strong prepossession in an acute form. It breaks out early in life, when he excepts only Raphael for admiration among foreign artists, and he sums up the matter on the side of art at once—"To depict the true old English gentleman is as great a work as to depict a Saint John, and I think in my heart I would rather have the former than the latter." The most complete expression of his patriotic feeling is a real British burst, as characteristic as American spread-eagleism: "Well, say as you will, there is not and never was such a country as old England—never were there such a Gentry as the English. They will be the distinguishing Mark and Glory of England in History, as the Arts were of Greece, and War of Rome. I am sure no travel would carry me to any land so beautiful as the good sense, justice, and liberality of my good countrymen make this." He even writes to Frederick Tennyson abroad that he hopes the English travellers are "as proud and disagreeable as ever." He naturally thought the country was going to the dogs. He was not a Jingoist: he thinks, on the contrary, that the world may justly resent British interference "all over the Globe," and piously wishes that England were a "little, peaceful, unambitious, trading nation like—the Dutch!" Even his taste in music was affected: "I grow every day more and more to love only the old God Save the King style."

The point must be insisted upon because this British instinct lay at the roots of his content with a voluntarily restricted life. He had, besides, a bent for eccentricity. He early declares that he has made a discovery for himself and is going to be "a great bear." Used though the phrase is with youthful exaggeration and humor, it marks the turn of his nature, and in a sense he fulfilled the prediction. Of his boyhood we learn nothing, as he was well out of college when he began the congenial habit of writing these friendly letters, which from the first are remarkable for literary judgment and are warm with true feeling. He was then, however, no more than a reader of books and a collector of fine poems from the best writers for his private Parnassus. One confidential passage gives a strangely vivid sense of how the young of each generation start together. He has been writing of Tennyson, who had been visiting him and keeping him laughing with his "droll" little humors and "grumpinesses," and he goes on to say that he felt a "sense of depression at times from the overshadowing of a so much more lofty intellect than my own; this (though it may seem vain to say so) I never experienced before, though I have often been with much greater intellects; but I could not be mistaken in the universality of his mind; and perhaps I have derived some benefit in the now more distinct consciousness of my dwarfishness." He was then twenty-six and Tennyson was his junior by a year. Most of what is told of his younger days comes in the way of reminiscence in after life. Among these anecdotes one, drawn out by Spedding's death, is very lifelike. He and Tennyson visited Spedding at his father's house, and the elder Spedding is described as not altogether pleased at the sight of his son consulting with the poet over the "Morte d'Arthur," "Lord of Burleigh," and other pieces then in MS. Unfortunately he had known Shelley, Wordsworth, Coleridge, and other "poets" without esteeming them, and as Fitzgerald played chess with Mrs. Spedding, and the daffodils danced outside the hall-door—"Well, Mr. F.," he would say, "Mr. Tennyson reads and Jem criticises; is that it?" But, notwithstanding the banter, he was kind enough to his son's friends. Such little pictures are one of the traits of the book.

It was not long before these friends submitted to the common fate and were separated by the different tenor of their lives. They met occasionally, but they did not live together; Fitzgerald was the only one who liked to send friendly letters, and so communication lessened to one epistle a year, and died out altogether. He went to live in the country, in a damp lodge outside his father's park, and he always had such bachelor quarters. He was intimate at first with old Bernard Barton, the Quaker poet, whom, we believe, Lamb advised to throw himself over a precipice rather than cultivate the muse; and afterwards he liked to visit with the parson, a son of the poet Crabbe. Fitzgerald is described then as being a grave man, middle-aged at thirty-six, not seemingly very happy, though amusing at times in conversation. He rose early, read or wrote standing at a desk, had his dinner of vegetables and pudding, walked with his Skye terrier, and ended the evening with the Bartons or the Crabbes, singing glees with the children at the latter house and joining the parson over his cigar. He did not visit with the neighboring gentry. He describes it all himself: "A little Bedfordshire—a little Northampton—a little more folding of the hands—the same faces—the same fields—the same thoughts occurring at the same turns of road—this is all I have to tell of; nothing at all added—but the summer gone." As for "Alfred," he adds, "hydropathy has done its worst; he writes the names of his friends in water."

But this was not as empty a life as it seems; vegetarian though he was, "none could say that Lenten fare made Lenten thought." He had many interests of the cultivated man. He had been fond of the theatre and concert in London, and he was still devoted to music; he was a buyer of pictures, and full of enthusiasm for those he liked, and he cultivated the acquaintance of Lawrence. The stream of some friendship never ceased to brighten the ways he walked in; and in books and nature he had as large a liberty as is often conferred on a man. The touches of nature are not infrequent in these jottings down of his moments, and they are often exquisite in feeling: "I am going this evening to eat toasted cheese with that celebrated poet, Bernard Barton. . . . It blows a harrico, as Theodore Hook used to say, and will rain before I get to Woodbridge. Those poor, mistaken lilac-buds there out of the window! and an old robin, ruffled up to his thickest, sitting mournfully under them, quite disheartened!" Or again, in London, he writes: "I feel pleasure in dipping down into the country and rubbing my hand over the cool dew of the pastures, as it were." But such tender directness of description or felicity in phrase is a constant quantity, and belonged so much to his mind that he could not help blabbing out his delight. We quote a few more lines, less for the picture than the style; he had put away all books except Omar, but this, he says, "I could not help looking over in a paddock covered with buttercups and brushed by a delicious breeze, while a dainty racing filly of W. Browne's came startling up to wonder and snuff about me." For feeling like this expressed so well, one goes back far in literary taste, and in such passages we recognize the English that Tennyson praised so highly in speaking of the boat-race in 'Euphranor'; it is—what so little description of nature now is—free from self-consciousness, and not by design, but by the character of the writer.

It would be an endless task to enter upon the judgments of books which are strewn through the pages. One is prepared to hear that Fitzgerald's tastes were not those of his generation in the case of many of the more notable authors. The most striking instance is that of Tennyson. He did not like "The Princess," nor "In Memoriam," nor the "Idyls," nor the dramas; he wished that there had been nothing after the 1842 volume, or he seems to fancy that he wished it; the poems after that date were below their author's destiny—that is apparently the feeling which underlies his judgment. But he expressed himself with great freedom: "'In Memoriam,'" he says, "has the air of being evolved by a Poetical Machine of the highest order; . . . the Impetus, the Lyrical oestrus, is gone." He asks what it can do except make all of us "sentimental." His last word almost is that Tennyson's genius has been injured by over-elaboration. It made no difference to him that other friends told him that this was perverseness, and that no one agreed with him. One part of the secret has just been hinted at: he worshipped—it is hardly too strong a word—Tennyson's power; he thought it was wasted on inadequate objects. This is the one human enthusiasm of the book. If he reads of Thucydides at Amphipolis, it is to burst out with, "Fancy old Hallam sticking to his gun at a Martello Tower! This was the way to write well; and the way to make literature respectable. Oh, Alfred Tennyson, could you but have the luck to be put to such employment! No man would do it better; a more heroic figure to head the defenders of his country could not be." He wishes for Tennyson's voice to awake "Marathonian men" instead of "mumbling" over "The Princess" and "In Memoriam." He longs "to take twenty years off Alfred's shoulders, and set him up in his youthful glory. . . . He is the same magnanimous, kindly, delightful fellow as ever, uttering by far the finest prose sayings of any one." There is no cooling of loyalty, one perceives, only the feeling that the performance is less than it should have been, the man more than his work.

This, no doubt, counts in analyzing the unfavorable criticism of Fitzgerald; but it was also the fact (and here lies the other half of the secret), that Fitzgerald's literary taste was distinctly old-fashioned—not modern, not contemporary at all, but in a strict sense was clas-

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sical, and proceeded upon the universal canon of literature. It is not meant, of course, that he was confined to Latin and Greek standards as expressed in ancient literature, but to the universal standard common to all great literature. Tennyson met his simple and pure taste and his unromantic (but not unpoetic) nature, in much; but in his later and pronounced manner he offended Fitzgerald's taste, both in matter and style. Other poets yet more strictly bound to their times and themselves than Tennyson naturally meet with no mercy at Fitzgerald's bar. He swept them—left nameless in these letters—to the namelessness that these blanks foretell, with as absolute a fiat as Carlyle ever used in similar cases. There is, too, one is compelled to think, something of truth in his friend's frank statement that he was "perverse." He set up for a man of taste—it was the only claim he put forward. He was not a genius, but he had taste, which, according to his aphorism, is the feminine of genius, and, being thus in his own eyes a critic by self-calling, he was, as Tennyson objects in his poem, "overnice." He was too much affected by the hair's-breadth lack of perfection in comparison with what was done. This is somewhat overstated, but it expresses well enough the element of error. After all, the main point is that modern poetry did not appeal to him.

This case of Tennyson is dwelt upon because it is illustrative of the unfavorable criticism to be found here and of its sources. It is criticism that well deserves to be understood and to be laid to heart, for it will help any one of real perception to a simpler and purer taste in poetry. The criticism which is favorable, however, far outweighs the fault-finding. Fitzgerald liked to write about what he enjoyed, and he enjoyed the best. The classics he read all his life with evident zest, and was so seized by Æschylus and Sophocles that he could only free himself by translating them. He fell into a study of Spanish which resulted also in translation from Calderon, of course in his peculiar style of rendering; and then he began with Persian, out of which he gave us the Omar and other pieces of interest. This was a considerable amount of work, and, in connection with the editing of Crabbe and the delightful dialogue of "Euphranor," not to speak of minor matters, they show that he was far from being an idler in his leisure. His readings in English were constant, also; and his taste was that which requires for itself "the best books." He found the tradition of the past as to the value of these great works in harmony with his own judgment; and at the end of his life he was more and more deeply sworn to Cervantes and Sir Walter Scott, Shakspere, Boccaccio, and in general those authors who have best drawn human life with laughter as well as tears. It is interesting, finally, to note in a man so attached to the great works of literature that, though the friend of Thackeray, he was also delighted with Dickens and with other prose-writers of his own time; but in poetry he admitted only Tennyson and his two brothers, Frederick and Charles.

Our space has become exhausted all too soon. Nothing can be said of the interesting episode of his exploration of Naseby field (where he found a skull with a bit of the iron heel of the conqueror in it), with its sequel in Carlyle's friendly regard, which remained unbroken to the end. The veering of his judgment in respect to Carlyle is also noticeable, for at first he had no good words for him. Something, too, should be said of his less-known friends, and especially of the captain of his lugger, whom he generously assisted, and whom he thought so much of as to get Lawrence to do his head—"with that complexion which Montaigne calls 'vif, mâle et flamboyant,' blue eyes and strictly auburn hair, . . . head of the large type, . . . a Gentleman of Nature's grandest Type, . . . made in the mould of what a Humanity should be, Body and Soul, a poor Fisherman. . . . This is altogether the Greatest Man I have known." Such are some of the phrases which he showered upon his Viking. There are traces, too, of a sympathy with the poor in their work and their suffering, and of a true sense of humble life. He was much touched by reality wherever he came near it. His letters are just and beautiful in expression when he mentions any matter of real sorrow, any bereavement or misfortune. His heart remained tender, and he was loyal to his friends. When Spedding died, they had been separated twenty years, and the genuineness of his feeling of loss which comes to the surface in two or three letters, is a remarkable illustration of the vitality of silent affection. When Tennyson came to see him after an equal interval of time, it was as if time had not been. His isolation from these old friends is somewhat pathetic, but he was without reproach, since the neglect to write was on their part. Tennyson never would write letters, and Spedding was a positive man given to a utilitarian rule of life, who would only write when there was some definite question to be answered.

Notwithstanding this, Fitzgerald had friends who came as others went, as is the way of the world, and they were always scholars and gentlemen, the best of their kind. Naturally, however, the tribute which will be most observed in his memory is that of the famous literary men who found him companionable in early and middle life. Tennyson wrote of him: "I had no truer friend; he was one of the kindliest of men, and I have never known one of so fine and delicate a wit." Thackeray, being asked not long before he died which of his old friends he loved most, told his daughter: "Why, dear old Fitz, to be sure; and Brookfield"; and there is among these letters one from Thackeray asking Fitzgerald to attend to his literary affairs if he should meet with accident in America, which would be a treasure coming from any man. Of the wit which Tennyson mentions there is little in the correspondence, but the character which won and merited the regard and affection of friends shines upon every page. The modesty with which he withdrew his name from the public eye was probably a congenital trait, and it affected his whole way of life. He grew more unwilling even to go to London, finding only cleverness there, and the theatre or opera was less able to attract him as years went on. The exhibitions, in which at one time he took great interest, became a bore. We regret being unable to extract some illustrations of his usual comment upon the great musicians and the artists whom he loved, with which his letters are enriched in a variety of topics. Reynolds, Constable, and Gainsborough are the leading subjects in art, and in music Handel seems to have been most congenial, though he writes of the others with just judgment. His life, taken altogether, was a gratification of refined tastes and a simple exercise of unpretending virtues among his friends and acquaintances.

His works, which fill the last two volumes, do not fall within the scope of this notice. They are well known in the circle that cares for literature of the highest order. Original genius he did not possess, but his appreciativeness of excellence was sound and true; whenever he praises, one is compelled to assent. He spent the most of his energy in endeavoring to render foreign classics into English in such a way as to make them effective to modern taste. He did not write for those who could read the originals. He professed only to make adaptations rather than translations, and he cut and modified with a free hand. Scholars have praised his work for what it strove to accomplish, accepting the limitations which his taste imposed upon it. Taste, however developed and refined, is still not genius, and it must be frankly acknowledged that he has not given us just what Calderon, Æschylus, and Sophocles created. His Persian translations vary even more widely from the originals. 'Omar Khayyám' is a celebrated work in his version, but it is largely his own work, and it may be hoped that the other translations will become better known, for, without having the commanding qualities of Omar, they are studded with charming stories in verse, and not encumbered with Eastern moods of thought so much as to disturb a Western mind; to us they are more pleasing. The two poetical speeches of the English and Roman generals, with their fine movement, are also a kind of translation—from prose to verse, though nearer to original composition. The dialogue of 'Euphranor' is the most considerable work of his own hand, and reaches what seems to be his ideal of writing—fine feeling in fine English. His name, however, is linked indissolubly with literature, in all probability, only in one work, the Omar; his memory will always be associated with the Tennyson group; besides, and by virtue of it, he will long be remembered by those who prize simplicity, refinement, and moral worth above the more vulgar quality of distinction.

LODGE'S WASHINGTON.—II.

George Washington. By Henry Cabot Lodge. [American Statesmen Series.] Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1889. 2 vols.

In dealing with Washington's political career, Mr. Lodge is on his own borders. Remote from the local annals among which he tripped so sadly, he has wisely disembarrassed himself of the individual Washington by collecting some fifty pages of Washingtoniana at the end of the book. The President he follows with the courage of conscious equipment. Our military similitude is suggested by the polemical note which summons us from any repose with the weary soldier at Mount Vernon. According to our author, "Washington passed at a single step from being a Virginian to being an American," and he here passes almost as swiftly from the Revolution to the Presidency. We reflect, however, that the work does not profess to be a biography, and that a selection of the more salient features of a subject so vast was imperative. The selection seems judicious, but the necessary omission of many details, each with its significance, renders it important to follow so theoretical an author with the cautious respect due to his literary art. The pathology of prepossessions proves their danger to lie in their eloquence.

Mr. Lodge's theory that "Washington had the fierce fighting temper of the Northmen," which looks as if suggested by Albert Welles's genealogical derivation of Washington from Odin, is contradicted, as we have intimated, by many utterances of the General against war. Under its inspiration, Mr. Lodge has, we think, done justice to Washington's military career. When, however, we pass from the General confronting Great Britain to the President invading Indian tribes, the "fierce Northman" theory warps the narrative. When, in youth, Washington went on a peaceful mis-

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sion to the Indians, he found himself already known among them as "Conotocarius," or "town-destroyer." This red shirt had descended from his great-grandfather, Col. John Washington, who ordered a massacre of chiefs during a parley, but whose party "stupidly," Mr. Lodge says, "allowed the Indians to escape," etc. A writer so decked with war-paint cannot be expected to consider how utterly unimportant are the miserable Indian skirmishes of 1790 compared with the honor of Washington. The President here appears determining on and planning those inglorious raids as if he were all branches of government rolled in one. In fact, Washington was only fierce against the land-jobbing borderers, "indifferent as to the killing of an Indian," and fought the Indians only because of the panic into which patriotic men were thrown by intrigues of England and Spain with those tribes, which threatened to turn into an army against the United States.

When we reach Washington's political career, we are met by another theory. "No man of that time, with the exception of Hamilton, ever grasped and realized as he did the imperial future which stretched before the United States." Among born colonists, which Hamilton was not, Washington "stood alone" in this national sentiment, to which first Franklin, then others, came gradually (II, pp. 7, 8). The generalization is misleading. Washington's remarkable "American" feeling, shown even in early life by his protest against the superior rank of officers holding royal commissions, had little relation to the "national" sentiment of Hamilton, which made him the representative of English ideas of government and the confidant of English ministers. Washington had no theories. He desired a strong government, but Mr. Lodge might be puzzled to prove even that he preferred a single rather than a plural Executive, as proposed by Gov. Randolph and George Mason. Oppressed by the weakness of the Confederation, Washington was yet but a follower in the reform. He thought the Annapolis Convention premature, and was with difficulty persuaded to attend that of 1787. He wrote to a friend that his consciousness of a lack of "political competencies" made his way to inauguration seem like that of a culprit to his execution. With the exception of his apathy concerning slavery, Washington was as free from provincialism and sectionalism as Mr. Lodge affirms; but it was largely owing to the very fact that this American character was not attached to any political schemes, Hamiltonian or Jeffersonian, that he preserved such ascendancy over the whole country.

A collection of extracts might be made from Mr. Lodge's work, and labelled, "Washington considered as a Hamilton." Our author is wroth with those who, a hundred years ago, scented monarchy in the pomp of what John Randolph called Washington's "coronation," and in the survivals of court etiquette urged by John Adams, whose court plumage so amused us at the Centennial Loan Exhibition; but the radicals of that period are justified by Mr. Lodge's interpretation of those ceremonies. They are symbols, it seems, of "sovereignty." "The people of the United States to-day surround the first office in the land with a respect and dignity which they deem equal to the mighty sovereignty that it represents, and in this is to be found the genuine American feeling that Washington expressed by the plain and simple ceremonial which he adopted for his meetings with the Congress" (II, p. 78). Here is the high Hamiltonian absolutism which, our author needs to be reminded, was *not* successful in its efforts to enter the Constitution. It must have been an oversight by which Mr. Lodge includes among the "sound lawyers" of the Supreme Court appointed by Washington, that Justice Wilson who called the country to remember that no such word or thing as sovereignty is known to the Constitution. Detaching "sovereignty" from its connotations, it means only supreme power; but how can this be described as represented by an office of defined powers and limited functions?

The king can do no wrong. The moral law is easily accommodated to Washington and his "double"—Hamilton. In his account of the assumption of State debts (II, p. 105) Mr. Lodge describes the main argument against it as "sectional," without giving his reader the means of judging whether it was so. By assumption of State debts by the general Government, those States which had nearly paid off their debts were taxed to pay the debts of other States which had not so paid. The measure was carried by a bribe offered to Jefferson by Hamilton, the former inducing his friends in Congress to vote for assumption on condition that the Federal city should be located on the Potomac. To this "famous arrangement," as Mr. Lodge euphemizes, but which Jefferson felt to be infamous, and repented in dust and ashes, Washington is apparently made a party:

> "Washington was more than satisfied with this solution, for both sides of the agreement pleased him, and there was nothing in the compromise which meant sacrifice on his part. He rejoiced in the successful adoption of the great financial policy of his Administration, and he was much pleased to have the capital, in which he was intensely interested, placed near to his own Mount Vernon, in the very region he would have selected if he had had the power of fixing it" (II, p. 106).

This almost cynical suggestion of private motives for public action is inferential. If Washington was the personal ruler Mr. Lodge sometimes seems to imagine, he might be involved in the intrigue; but the whole history of Washington's Administration convinces us that he would never dream of questioning the honesty of any policy on which the two party leaders, Jefferson and Hamilton, had agreed. Washington's self-distrust, arising from lack of scholastic education, led him to place a perilous amount of faith in learned men; nor had he that knowledge of men which our author ascribes to him. Calamities came of his confidence in Charles Lee, Arnold, St. Clair, and in Pickering, who secretly disparaged him while controlling his Administration. No doubt Washington regarded assumption as just; but that the corrupt bargain was known to him is as little probable as that his sanction looked to a rise in the value of his lands.

Although Washington generally followed the policy approved by a majority of his Cabinet, his own judgment was felt in matters affecting the military situation of the country or its independence. This was especially shown in the most critical question which arose during his tenure of office—the British Treaty. Despite certain odious features of that treaty, the Senate advised its ratification, with reservation of one article. The Cabinet unanimously agreed. But before Washington had affixed his signature, news came of the Provision Order, directing seizure of all vessels carrying provisions to France, and Washington refused to ratify until the order was revoked. His letter to Randolph of July 22, 1795, speaks of this as his "determination," and Mr. Lodge can only escape its force by suppressing in his argument (II, p. 194) part of what he had printed in his narrative (p. 186). Washington left the matter to be determined by the English answer to his protest, and went off to Mount Vernon, in the latter part of July, intending, as his private letters show, to remain through the summer. In this determination—in which, by the way, he was supported by Hamilton, a fact omitted by Mr. Lodge—Washington stood out against three of his four ministers. He yielded only when it seemed a question of war. The right of search and of impressment had been tacitly conceded under the treaty, simply because, as Mr. Lodge points out, we were not ready to fight, and war now appeared the alternative of refusing to swallow the Provision Order. In this case the war would have had to be undertaken by an administration divided against itself.

To this menacing side of the situation was now added a decisive weight. The President suddenly found himself compromised by an intercepted despatch of the French Minister, boasting of state secrets confided to him by the Secretary of State, and reporting suggestions from the same high quarter that French gold might be effective against the "British party." Other despatches of M. Fauchet, intercepted at the same time, were received by the British Minister, and would have neutralized the one revealed had they not been suppressed. The charges against the Secretary of State are discredited by Mr. Lodge, and also, as he says, by Washington (II, p. 201). The incident, so fully discussed by Randolph's biographer, with whom, so far as the unfortunate Secretary is concerned, Mr. Lodge does not very seriously disagree, is too large and intricate to be pursued in the present paper. But we cannot think that any historian has sufficiently considered the degree to which Washington was influenced in this matter, and throughout his second term, by anxieties arising from the English possession of the northwestern posts. That for the thirteen years following the Revolution those commanding positions should be held by a Power hostile and humiliated, and that in the later of those years our coast was at the mercy of its ships, are weighty facts.

We have before us a letter written from Mount Vernon, December 11, 1785, to Gen. Knox, in which Washington says:

> "It has always been my opinion, you know, that our affairs with respect to the Indians would never be in good train whilst British Garrisons remained on the American side of the territorial line—and that these Posts would not be evacuated by them as long as any pretext could be found to withhold them. They know the importance of these Posts too well to give them up soon or quietly. Their trade with the Indians depend[s] upon the possession of them, knowing full well that all the assertions of our Commrs. with respect to the articles of Peace, and their obligation to surrender them is no more than chaff before the wind when opposed by the scale of possession."

As events more important than the Indian trade advanced, such as the war with France, the posts and the Indians together became a formidable menace. The abandonment of those posts was Great Britain's offer for Washington's signature to the treaty. The offer was accompanied by ordered and ominous menaces. We were not in a condition to fight, and Lord Grenville became master of the situation. Among his Lordship's demands, secretly written to Washington, was, probably, the dismission of Randolph. This may be inferred from a letter of Gouverneur Morris, printed in his recently published 'Diary and Letters,' written to Washington after an interview with Lord Grenville in which is an allusion to a letter of his Lordship concerning Randolph, sent through Mr. Jay. Mr. Lodge, while admitting Randolph's honor, vaguely alleges that he was not without fault in the matter, but he does not say what the fault was.

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By signing the treaty Washington entirely alienated its opponents, and had few political friends except so-called "Federalists." The denunciations of the "anti-Federalists" tended to drive him more and more to their antagonists. Mr. Lodge, in his chapter on "Washington as a Party Man," points out that, after Jefferson's resignation (at the close of 1793), the President appointed only "Federalists" to his Cabinet (II, p. 242); but it must be remembered that the division of parties was not yet theoretical. The Opposition was French and revolutionary. Nor can any political partisanship be inferred from his partial approval of the Alien and Sedition Acts. The British Treaty was made a *casus belli* by France, and Washington regarded those laws with the feeling of a soldier. Mr. Lodge, we regret to find, is, in emergencies, apt to answer inconvenient arguments by saying they are attacks on Washington; but we venture to remind him that in the letter on which he mainly relies (II, p. 264) to prove Washington's animosity to the "Democrats" (written to Gov. Trumbull, July 21, 1799), Washington says: "Although I have abundant cause to be thankful for the good health with which I am blessed, yet I am not insensible to my declination in other respects."

We regret that Mr. Lodge's controversial method has rendered it necessary to devote our notice so largely to adverse criticism. We would gladly have occupied our space with homage to his various fine qualities, did not these add all the more weight to what we regard as errors. We are satisfied that so adequate a writer has dealt with Washington from the Hamiltonian point of view. We can commend the book for its charms of style and treatment. It is certainly a valuable contribution to the work which still awaits some masterhand—the Life of George Washington.

THE HEIMSKRINGLA.

The Heimskringla; or, The Sagas of the Norse Kings. From the Icelandic of Snorre Sturlason. By Samuel Laing, Esq. 2d edition, revised, with notes, by Rasmus B. Anderson, LL.D. 4 vols. Scribner & Welford.

THE history of Iceland during the first three centuries and a half after its settlement from Norway is, in the main, the history of a few families. True at the beginning, as a natural result of the circumstances of the settlement, it was the characteristic fact through the 300-odd years of the Icelandic commonwealth which Laing very aptly calls "an aristocratic republic." During the twelfth century, but particularly in its latter half, and in the first half of the thirteenth century, the whole country was torn apart by the jealous feuds of the chieftains, who were obliged to maintain an armed force about them, and not seldom to assert their supremacy by means of it. The last years of the republic were little better than a condition of civil war, in which violence was done to life and property, and all law and order were at an end—a condition which surely paved the way to the loss of autonomy and to subjection to Norway.

In the period last mentioned one family, the Sturlungs, stands out prominently for the power it held and the part it played in the political life of the time; so much was this the case that the epoch has received in Icelandic history the name of "the time of the Sturlungs." As a noteworthy concomitant of this political activity and social unrest, the time of the Sturlungs appears also as the golden age of Icelandic literature. In it many of the most important sagas current only as oral tradition are written down, old legends of the gods are collected, histories are compiled, and the art of literary expression reaches the most perfect development that it ever exhibited in the old day in the whole Scandinavian North. More noteworthy still, it is in this very family of the Sturlungs that the art of authorship attains its highest exemplification, and Snorri Sturlason, in the 'Heimskringla,' has given us not only the best piece of independent prose literature, but in its bearing incalculably the most important series of sagas of all the number that attest the phenomenal literary activity of the Icelanders.

Snorri Sturlason, both from the place he filled in national politics in his day and the literary legacy that has come down from him to the present, is the most remarkable man in the history of Iceland. His career is not a record free from stain, but it reflects, as in a glass, the conditions of his time, and the lights and shadows of his life are throughout the intelligible results of his environment. Ambitious, bold, and unscrupulous as to the means of attaining an end, he achieved an almost unprecedented wealth and power, held the highest office in the gift of the commonwealth, and enjoyed distinction at the court of the Norwegian king, but was, at last, miserably murdered in a family feud, and will for ever lie under an imputation, that cannot be satisfactorily cleared away, of having endeavored to betray his country to Norway for the sake of his own selfish gain.

Snorri was born in 1178. In accordance with the custom of the time, he was sent away from home to be fostered, and when still an infant came into the family of Jon Loptsson at Oddi. It was here that he received the literary bent that subsequently distinguished him, and the 'Heimskringla' no doubt owes its ultimate origin to these early associations. The grandfather of Jon Loptsson, Sæmund the Wise, the reputed compiler of the Elder Edda, had founded a school at Oddi and made it the seat of the highest learning in Iceland—a reputation which, together with the manuscript materials that Sæmund doubtless collected, had been inherited by the succeeding generations. There was here, too, a special reason for a knowledge of Norwegian history, for Jon Loptsson's father had lived in Norway, where he had married a natural daughter of King Magnus Barefoot, so that the sagas of the Norse kings were in reality, to no small extent, the family history of the people of Oddi. Certain descriptions in the 'Heimskringla,' moreover, are thought to have been directly founded upon Jon Loptsson's own narrative of them as an eye witness.

Snorri entered upon an active life with but little, if anything, more material than his own ambition to further him, but by a lucky marriage laid the foundation of his power, which thereafter steadily grew. In 1215 he was elected "Speaker of the Law" for the Commonwealth. At the expiration of his term of service, three years later, he went to Norway, where he was received with extraordinary hospitality, both by King Hakon and the King's father-in-law, Earl Skuli. The King made him his liegeman, and Snorri gained Skuli's friendship, which, in the subsequent conflict between Hakon and Skuli, stood him in far from good stead. To Skuli he is said to have promised, at this time, to use his influence to bring Iceland under the dominion of Norway. Two years later Snorri returned to Iceland. For the next few years both his wealth and his influence continued to increase, until he became the most important man in the island. His unscrupulous conduct of certain family affairs had, however, aroused a bitter hostility among his own relatives, which finally resulted in a regular battle, in which Snorri's faction was, nevertheless, victorious, and established more firmly than ever his position of predominance.

Snorri was in Norway at this time with Skuli, to whom he had unwisely given his adherence, and thereby incurred the active displeasure of the King. The latter, evidently fearing the use of Snorri's power against him, forbade him by letter to return to Iceland, but the command was disregarded. The following year, 1240, Skuli was slain, and, shortly after, Hakon seems to have resolved upon Snorri's death, for he sent a letter to Gissur, a son-in-law of Snorri, with whom, in the meantime, a new feud had arisen, demanding that he send his father-in-law a prisoner to Norway, or, in case that were impossible, to kill him. Gissur, accordingly, with seventy men at his back, came to Reykjaholt on the night of the 22d of September, 1241, when the old chieftain was mercilessly hunted out of the place where he had taken refuge, and slain by an unknown member of Gissur's band.

About Snorri's literary work, with the exception of his career of a skald at home and abroad, contemporary records are singularly silent. The account of his life in the history of his family, the Sturlunga Saga, does not mention the books he wrote, but the Icelandic Annals, written in 1400, say specifically that Snorri "compiled the Edda, and many other books of historical learning, and Icelandic sagas." Of these works the so-called Younger, or Prose, Edda (a commentary in prose and verse on the old poetry, and the principal source of our knowledge of the mythology of the Teutonic race), and the 'Heimskringla,' are all that have come down to us. The time of origin of the 'Heimskringla,' from internal evidence, was after the return of Snorri from his first journey to Norway, when he dwelt in comparative quiet on his own farmstead at Reykjaholt.

The title given in the seventeenth century to Snorri's sagas of the Norse kings, and the one by which it is now generally known, is a compound formed of the opening words of the oldest manuscript: *Kringla heimsins*, the circle of the earth. The work, to use a strikingly apt collocation by Carlyle in the preface to his 'Early Kings of Norway,' whose source is this very book, is a history of the "old tragedies, crimes, and heroisms" of the Norse kings. It begins with the story of Odin, and the half-fabulous history of the Swedish dynasty of the Ynglings, from whom Harald the Fairhaired reckoned his descent. From Halfdan the Black, in the middle of the ninth century, down to the reign of Magnus Erlingsson in his own day, Snorri gives a continuous history of Norway under her successive kings. His work is not a mere chronicle of names and dates, coupled at greater or less length with the events that made them memorable. It is the record of real people who live and act, and are moved by impulses human and fallible, though often great and kingly. As Laing points out in his preliminary dissertation, some of the sagas, like those of Harald the Fairhaired, Olaf Tryggvason, or Olaf the Saint, are great historical dramas, in which the characters work, and act, and speak. Often it is possible to reconstruct from Snorri's pages an incidental, but unmistakably true and vivid, characterization of the whole social life of the time; for Snorri does not concern himself solely with the court and army of the king, but gives many a picture, with abundant details, both of the sturdy yeoman at home on his farmstead, and the viking in his long-ship on a wild foray upon some neighboring coast. Some of the descriptions of battles on land and sea are unsurpassed

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in all historical literature. There is no account in history of a sea fight at all to parallel the description of the battle of Svold, in the saga of Olaf Tryggvason, from the blast of the war-horns at the departure of the King's ships to the dramatic assurance at the end that "King Olaf Tryggvason never came back again to his kingdom of Norway."

In view of the minuteness and range of Snorri's assumed knowledge of men and events long before his own day, the question as to where he obtained it and its claim to credence as history lies very near the surface. Snorri's service is most admirably summarized by Laing when he says that "Snorri Sturlason has done for the history of the Northmen what Livy did for the history of the Romans." Snorri's own account of the source of his material in his preface to the 'Heimskringla' ascribes it to records of Ari the Wise, who died in 1148, "the first man in this country who wrote down in the Norse language narratives of events both old and new," and to the poems of the skalds. The latter he considers wholly trustworthy.

"There were skalds," he says, "in Harald's court whose poems the people know by heart even at the present day, together with all the songs about the kings who have ruled in Norway since his time; and we rest the foundations of our history principally upon the songs which were sung in the presence of the chiefs themselves or of their sons, and take all to be true that is found in such poems about their feats and battles."

Many of these skaldic strophes corroboratory of his statements are incorporated in his work, and are found scattered through it from the beginning almost to the end. Another undoubted source which he does not mention was the narratives of his contemporaries. The nearer Snorri comes down to his own time, as has been intimated, the less does he cite the strophes of the skalds, his authority being undoubtedly the oral accounts of living men. His narrative, besides, is frequently helped out by his own knowledge of the scene of action gained by an apparently careful inspection, during his first journey abroad, of these very localities. Snorri had all the characteristics of a great historian in the collection, arrangement, and use of his material. If the important mass of it was ready made to his hand, it was he who first had the genius to gather and assort it, and make out of disjointed episodes a chronologically connected and literary whole.

The first and, prior to the appearance of the present edition, the only English translation of the 'Heimskringla' was that of Samuel Laing, published in London in 1844. In many respects Laing's translation is an admirable one, and fairly represents, at least in England, in this direction, the scholarship of his day. The present version Mr. Anderson calls upon his title-page a second, revised edition of Laing's. The older translation still forms the great body of the work, which has, however, by additions and eliminations, been made to correspond with Unger's edition of the original text published in Christiania in 1868. Laing's preliminary dissertation has been retained intact, but many of his footnotes, considered by the editor irrelevant or obsolete, have been omitted; many new notes, however, principally from the Swedish translation of Hildebrand, together with indexes of names and places, maps, and a chronological table, have been added, all of which materially increase the value and utility of the book. As much, unfortunately, cannot be said of the revision of the orthography of proper names throughout the work, with which, it must be acknowledged, the editor in his introduction declares himself not entirely satisfied. What possible advantage is gained by writing Fin for Finn, Hal for Hall, and the like is not apparent; on the same plan he would write in English history of Wiliam the Conqueror, Cromwel, or the Earl of Esex. Olafson for Olafsson, too, does not represent the true pronunciation. In such names as Snorri, Skuli, Tryggvi, final "i" (it would seem) might at last be allowed to take the place of the "e" that has mistakenly come into the English orthography of these words from Danish, and has no counterpart in the original Norse. No point is gained by instancing Vigfusson, since his usage in just this particular is peculiarly vicious and inconsistent.

By far the most serious error in judgment in the present edition is the retention of the earlier version of the skaldic strophes which Snorri from time to time cites as corroboratory testimony. Laing, with a diligence utterly misapplied, made over these verses into modern jingles that bear no sort of relationship, except assumed community of topic, to the originals, which they only serve to make ridiculous. Mr. Anderson assures his reader that he will lose nothing if he skips them; he might have gone further with the assurance that he will certainly lose a great deal if he does not. In one or two cases the editor has given, in addition to Laing's easy versions—free-and-easy would be more correctly applied—Vigfusson's paraphrases as contained in the 'Corpus Poeticum Boreale.' The way out of the difficulty would have been to eliminate them all, and either to have put Vigfusson's versions in their place (the better course), or, what seems to have suggested itself, to have omitted them altogether.

Mr. Anderson's 'Heimskringla' is a limited edition, of which only 520 numbered copies in all have been printed for England and America. The four sumptuous volumes in letter-press and paper bear witness to the perfection of modern book-making, and its publishers have spared no pains to make the whole external appearance of the work correspond to the rank it holds in the history and literature of the North. Laing's original translation is long since out of print. In making the 'Heimskringla' again accessible to English readers, Mr. Anderson has done a real and important service. In its new form it will come appreciably nearer to the desert claimed for it, under these conditions, by Carlyle, "to be reckoned among the great history-books of the world."

Studies in the South and West, with Comments on Canada. By Charles Dudley Warner. Harper & Bros. 1889.

THIS book is a collection of articles which appeared between the spring of 1885 and the beginning of 1889 in *Harper's Monthly*, with the exception of one short chapter reprinted from the *Princeton Review*. A sort of appendix, under the name "Comments on Canada," is the least attractive part of the work. The author knows nothing of Canada but what he has learned from books open to everybody, or in a flying trip of two or three months, a time hardly sufficient to study the institutions and mode of life of a neighboring country.

The first four hundred pages, giving the writer's impressions in the West (for his South is mainly the Southwest), have a higher and much more artistic value. They are, almost throughout, good reading, and many of them are, to the careful and intelligent reader, full of suggestion and instruction. The chapters on New Orleans and its surroundings, including that on "A Vaudoo Dance," are the most picturesque; but the works of Cable have made the reading public so thoroughly familiar with the Africanized fragments of old France to the south of Canal Street, that it is difficult to tell us here anything new. Mr. Warner, however, tells us much else about the South which is not picturesque, and which Cable in his sketches and novels has no use for. He speaks to us of the new and forceful industrial life that has taken hold of the whole South, though it has touched most lightly yet upon the habitat of the Creole:

"When the Northerner finds great foundries in Virginia using only the products of Virginia iron and coal mines; when he finds Alabama and Tennessee making iron so good and so cheap that it finds ready market in Pennsylvania, and foundries multiplying near the great furnaces for supplying Northern markets; when he finds cotton-mills running to full capacity on grades of cheap cottons universally in demand throughout the South and Southwest; when he finds small industries, such as paper-box factories and wooden bucket and tub factories, sending all they can make into the North and widely over the West, etc., etc.; and when he sees Roanoke iron cast in Richmond into car irons and returned into a car factory in Roanoke which last year sold 300 cars to the New York and New England Railroad—he begins to open his eyes" (p. 111).

The chapters on the Northwest teem with statistics of material growth. This is unavoidable. When you come to a large city, full of wealth and of all the latest results of science and industry, built on a spot which thirty or forty years ago was browsed over by herds of buffaloes, you cannot help counting and comparing. The effort of our writer is to point out that St. Paul and Minneapolis and Kansas City and Chicago are not all made up of lumber and flour and pork and Boards of Trade and bank clearings; that there is also a higher intellectual life; that men who have grown rich rapidly, may learn to be refined; that one Chicago millionaire can found the greatest reference library of the country by his will, and another Chicago millionaire—Gunther, the candy-maker—can collect in his lifetime, for public inspection, the largest museum of autographs and curiosities; and that the teaching methods of Chicago schools are worthy of imitation by cities far east of it. In Germany the provincial people have a terse expression with which they meet such condescension of the visiting Berliner, and which would often have been a good reply to Mr. Warner's bursts of astonishment: "Did you think that we eat soap?" As far as this volume helps New Yorkers and Northeastern men and women generally to understand that the people of the South and West "do not eat soap," it will do much good.

In his sketch of St. Paul, Mr. Warner omits to mention one great enterprise, which makes that city, for at least one intellectual purpose, the capital of the United States. It is the "West Publishing Company," with its weekly publication in nine divisions of *all* the State Supreme Court and Federal decisions, with a monthly digest, enabling the lawyer to get all his authorities from this point in the far Northwest a year or two quicker than through the regular State reports. New York and Philadelphia may smile, as Roman satirists smiled when the provincial lawyers in Gaul began to rival those of the metropolis, and threatened to spread their learning to half-savage Britain:

"Gallia causidicos docuit facunda Britannos."

But while our traveller luxuriates in the picturesque shabbiness of the Creole town and the primitive virtues of the Acadians around Abbeville, while he admires the force and success of the new South, the wealth and enterprise of the Northwest, and the art treasures

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and musical culture of Cincinnati, he feels at home and happy only in Kentucky, to which State he devotes his last chapter, dwelling with fervor on Louisville, the city of "culture, taking the form of the worship of beauty and the enjoyment of life" (p. 282)—yet a city of 180,000 inhabitants which alone in all Christendom, among cities of that size, has no library worth mentioning, no observatory, no museum of art, and, were it not for Mary Anderson, not one citizen known by fame to the outer world in literature, science, or art. Mr. Warner fairly raves about the virtues of blue grass. It brings forth not only sturdy Presbyterians, but, what is more important, healthy and therefore beautiful women.

"A geologist told me that once when he was footing it over the State with a geologist from another State, as they approached the blue-grass region from the southward they were carefully examining the rock formation and studying the surface indications, which are usually marked on the border line, to determine exactly where the peculiar limestone formation began. Indications, however, were wanting. Suddenly my geologist looked up the road and exclaimed:

"'We are in the blue-grass region now.'

"'How do you know?' asked the other.

"'Why, there is a blue-grass girl.'"

"My geologist" is no other than John R. Proctor, the State Geologist, to whom Mr. Warner acknowledges himself much indebted for guidance and information. Before leaving the blue-grass country, he bears witness, not only to its well-known fair women, fast horses, and good whiskey, but also to the growth of sobriety and even abstinence, and to a gradual loss of interest in "poker."

But when from Lexington he goes eastward into the "mountains," into the country of the rifle and the shot-gun, of small cabins and large families, of sloth and illiteracy, as well as of walnut timber, coal, and iron, and new mining towns, he has to mix some darker shades with his bright colors. He thus describes a "family feud" or vendetta, in the words of a mountaineer informant:

"Was there much killing round here? Well, not much lately. Last year John Cone over on Clover Fork shot Mat Harner in a dispute over cards. Well, what became of John Cone? Oh, he was killed by Jim Blood, a friend of Harner. And what became of Blood? Well, he got shot by Elias Travers. And Travers? Oh, he was killed by a man by the name of Jacobs. That ended it. None of 'em was of much account."

Having Prof. Proctor as a guide, we wonder that Mr. Warner has not adopted the theory by which the Professor accounts for the incurably low character of many of the mountaineers in the Cumberland and Appalachian Mountains, all the way from West Virginia to northern Georgia. He traces them, in a paper read before the Filson Club of Louisville, to "bad stock" from Virginia and North Carolina tide-water counties; men and women who were transported from England as convicts, or vagabonds, or sturdy beggars, many of them the descendants of thralls from before the Norman conquest, and who before, and even for some time after, the Revolution were held in a sort of slavery as white "servants."

Our writer hopes a great deal for the elevation of this people from the influx of fresh blood—Swiss and German colonies of farmers and vine-growers; Northern men developing the coal and iron mine; railroads, and the new life begotten of the railroad. These things will bring the reign of law, and will put an end to the worse than Corsican vendetta. Among physical causes for the scraggy stock of eastern Kentucky humanity, he looks rather to their badly cooked food than to a low-bred ancestry, and therefore hopes for improvement from the introduction of better methods of cooking.

The book has no index, and, as it is easily read through in two or three sittings, it needs none.

Nature and Man: Essays Scientific and Philosophical. By William B. Carpenter, C.B., M.D., LL.D., F.R.S., with an introductory memoir by J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. D. Appleton & Co. 1889.

MR. CARPENTER'S memoir of his father is a very modest tribute to a man of very great abilities and commanding worth. It covers only 150 pp., and yet it gives an admirably distinct impression of Dr. Carpenter's personality and various work. He was well born (October 29, 1813), being the son of Dr. Lant Carpenter, a preacher, teacher, and philanthropist, the odor of whose sanctity was in all the Unitarian churches. Mary Carpenter, a leader in the reform of prison discipline, a woman of immense vivacity and practical ability, was sister and companion of the growing boy. Dr. Lant Carpenter's school was remarkable in its day for the emphasis on scientific studies. These gave to the son's mind its life-long bent. Civil engineering attracted him, but there was no opening, and he accepted the study of medicine as a second best. He matured so rapidly that when sixteen we find him lecturing on optics before the Mechanics' Institution in Bristol, where his youth was spent. Studying first with a Bristol physician of high character, in 1834 he went to London and lived a busy life, attending thirty-five lectures a week, not counting a course in comparative anatomy, practising in the hospital, acting as clinical clerk, and studying music in his leisure hours. His interest at this time in Lyell and Herschel was prophetic of the expansion of his later studies.

His education was continued at Edinburgh. His first published paper, on "The Structure and Functions of the Organs of Respiration in the Vegetable and Animal Kingdoms," was the beginning of a series of publications seeking to bring the animal and vegetable kingdoms under a common law. Before his graduation, in 1839, he had published one of the best-known of all his works, 'Principles of General and Comparative Physiology.' Returning to Bristol, he endeavored to establish himself in practice there, but with small success. His reputation as a lecturer and author actually hindered him. A professorship was much more to his mind, but at Edinburgh, where he first applied, his Unitarianism was a fatal bar. He was forced for bread-winning to the preparation of a 'Cyclopædia of Natural Science' and a tutorship in Lady Byron's family.

In 1842 appeared his 'Principles of Human Physiology,' the book by which the general public always knew him best. His ability was soon after recognized, and honors crowded on him thick and fast. First (1845) came the Fullerian Professorship in the Royal Institution; simultaneously a lectureship in the London Hospital on General Anatomy and Physiology; in 1847, the Examinership in Anatomy and Physiology in the University of London, and in the same year a geological lectureship in the British Museum; in 1849, the chair of Medical Jurisprudence in University College; in 1852, the principalship of University Hall; in 1856, the Registrarship of the University of London. For a few years the positions in University College and University Hall were held in connection with his registrarship, but they were resigned as the former made heavier demands upon his time and strength. For twenty-three years he continued in this office, which made his a leading share in the direction of the University. His business qualities were equal to his scholarly attainments.

There are many pleasing incidents and episodes in Mr. Carpenter's memoir of his father. One of the most pleasing is the manner of his recovery from a very serious illness in 1863. There was a complete collapse of all his vital and volitional energies. He could do nothing, he cared for nothing; he seemed prematurely old and near to death. But one day a distinguished geologist brought him some specimens from the Canadian limestones. At once his interest was aroused and his recovery began. In 1868 and the two following years, Dr. Carpenter was the director of deep-sea dredging expeditions which were fertile in results, and when the *Challenger* was chartered for her famous cruise around the world, the proffered direction of the expedition was a very great temptation. Dreading absorption by a "dominant idea," he took the advice of friends and accepted their decision. It was contrary to his inclination, but he had no vain regrets as he settled down to his habitual routine. In the later years of his life he lectured very frequently to great popular audiences, but trusted wholly to the largeness of his thought and the clearness of his exposition as the means of making his lectures attractive to the multitude. After some months of failing strength, but while still in the performance of his regular duties, his death, hastened by an accident, occurred November 13, 1885.

Following the lectures and articles which make up the larger part of the present book, there is a chronological list of Dr. Carpenter's publications. It is the record of a wonderfully busy life. It is fifteen pages long, and though it contains no mention of controversial letters to newspapers, there are 293 titles, many of them indicating elaborate works. Roughly classified, they will be found to fall into three periods, corresponding to three different kinds of work. During the first period Dr. Carpenter's work was not that of an original investigator. "His mind at this time preferred to dwell on large and general conceptions, to discover analogies, to follow out principles rather than to come in close contact with actual facts." Both of his great works on physiology belong to the first period, and for the wide range of facts on which they were based he relied mainly on others. In his arrangement of these facts, and in the generalizations he built up from them, he displayed much originality and penetration. The mid period of his life and authorship was a period of original investigation, and its energy was concentrated on the study of the Foraminifera, his 'Researches' appearing in four parts, 1855–1860. It was this study which interested him so deeply in the deep-sea dredgings ten years further on.

In the third period of his authorship the relations of science and religion engrossed his interest to a remarkable degree. Against the automatism and determinism of Huxley and Clifford, he did vigorous battle for the free agency of man. He had begun life as a determinist, and his studies in automatism had been serious and prolonged. His doctrine of "unconscious cerebration" was one of the most interesting features of his 'Mental Physiology.' He could go far with Huxley and Clifford, but not to their conclusion. To harmonize evolution with theism was another task of the third period, and to show that an argument from design, if not Paley's, was still valid. A majority of the fifteen papers collected in this volume deal with the questions which interested and sometimes agitated him in his later

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years. Those who are acquainted with Dr. Martineau's thought will notice many similarities to it in Dr. Carpenter's. It would be interesting to know which was the more influenced by the other. They were good friends, and frequently conferred upon the highest things.

Dr. Carpenter's relations to Darwin's hypothesis are clearly defined in both the memoir and the subsequent papers. Long before the publication of the 'Origin of Species,' Dr. Carpenter was tending to an evolutionary conception of the world, and some of his foreshadowings of this are of great interest. The 'Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation' found in him a sympathetic reader, approving and condemning much. He hailed Darwin as the inaugurator of a new era in biological science, but insisted that natural selection only expressed a general fact, and was not a *vera causa*. Dr. Carpenter's mind, too, in general was much more theological than Darwin's, and his compromise between pantheism and anthropomorphism seems little likely to sustain itself entire. The anti-scientific, who have made much of the atrophy of Darwin's love of music and poetry, will find a counter fact in Dr. Carpenter's delight in music and poetry, which never failed. For many years he played the organ in the Hampstead Unitarian Church. His home life was rarely beautiful.

Manual of Oriental Antiquities. By Ernest Babelon, Librarian of the Department of Medals and Antiques in the Bibliothèque Nationale, Paris. Translated and enlarged by B. T. A. Evetts, M.A., of the Department of Egyptian and Assyrian Antiquities, British Museum. With 241 illustrations. 12mo, pp. xix and 312. G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1889.

With the appearance of the invaluable "Bibliothèque de l'Enseignement des Beaux-Arts," France has established her claim to the first place in the popular instruction as well as in the practice of the fine arts in our time. In the preface to his 'Grammaire des arts du dessin,' Charles Blanc expressed, with his usual eloquence of style, his regret at seeing public instruction in France "muet sur les questions d'art." Taking this as their watchword, the organizers of the "Bibliothèque," stimulated by the patronage of the Government, which assured them financial success, and honored with prizes from the Académie Française and the Académie des Beaux-Arts, have produced a series of small volumes on the history and theory of the fine arts, in which one is puzzled whether to admire most the standard of authority, the simplicity of style, or the excellence of the illustrations. In such a series new theories and doctrines are naturally not to be looked for, yet the fact that the thirty-two volumes already published were written by such men as Eugène Müntz, Fr. Lenormant, Mathias Duval, Maspero, Collignon, Havard, and Delaborde (to select a few names from many), is a sufficient guarantee that they are by no means mere compilations, like most of the handbooks on matters of art to which we have hitherto been accustomed. Rejecting the doctrine that a little knowledge is a dangerous thing, these men, selected because they represent the best authority on the subjects of which they treat respectively, seek to give to the student of art or the visitor of museums such knowledge of the history and the processes of the various arts and schools of art as will enable him to appreciate intelligently the objects he sees about him—in other words, to do for art what Tyndall, Huxley, and their followers have done for science in the way of making it popular.

To this series M. Babelon's 'L'Archéologie Orientale' belongs, and it possesses many of the excellent qualities which we have attributed to the work as a whole. As the ground covered — Chaldæa, Assyria, Persia, Syria, Judæa, Phœnicia, and Carthage — occupies four volumes of MM. Perrot and Chipiez's monumental 'Histoire de l'Art dans l'Antiquité,' nothing more than a summary treatment of the subject is to be expected, and the author modestly alludes to his book as only an abridgment. This abridgment, however, is made with admirable skill, and what the author does tell is told so clearly and simply that even the reader to whom the subject is entirely new cannot fail to form a well-defined conception of the characteristics of the arts of the great Oriental monarchies, and of their relations to one another. To be sure, M. Babelon has been greatly helped in this task by the fact that the extant monuments of these countries are relatively few in number, as compared with those of Greece and Rome; but none the less does he deserve praise for the manner in which he has grouped his material so as to avoid the possibility of confusion, and, in connection with each topic, to create an impression which should be perfectly distinct in itself, and yet bear certain relations to both that which precedes and that which follows it. Had he been willing to risk taxing the patience of his readers too far by insisting more upon dates and repeating them oftener, his success in this effect would have been still greater. The relation which the art of Assur-bani-pal bore to that of Assur-nazir-pal can be appreciated by the student only when he has the relative dates of these two monarchs firmly fixed in his mind. So it is with the connection between Persian and Assyrian art; and to those to whom Oriental art is interesting chiefly because of its influence upon the beginnings of Greek art, the dates of the monuments of the former are of prime importance. These the author gives too sparingly, and as a result the reader who is not familiar with Assyrian chronology, for example, will occasionally find it difficult to follow the thread of the development of Assyrian art, with no other guide than the names of the kings under whom important changes took place.

We wish that the chapter on Hittite art had been a little more expanded, now that Hittite monuments and civilization are the subject of so much discussion; but as a recompense for what is sacrificed there, M. Babelon gives a full and detailed description of the Temple of Jerusalem which will be very acceptable to students of the Bible, as a résumé of the latest theories and investigations concerning the one great monument of Jewish art.

Mr. Evetts's translation is intelligent and satisfactory from an archæological point of view, but unskilful in the use of language, so that the grace and ease of the original are often completely sacrificed by his attempt to render his author as literally as possible. Too close fidelity to the words of the original may be a good fault, but it is a fault nevertheless, and sometimes results in such inelegances as this: "The cuneiform inscriptions themselves, while the empire founded by Nebuchadnezzar was flourishing, often point out temples and palaces falling to ruin, which the kings strive without ceasing to repair or rebuild." There are many such rough passages in the book which the alteration of a single word would have made smooth without modifying in the least the author's meaning—indeed, would have conveyed his meaning much more easily.

Of the 241 illustrations it is enough to say that they are quite up to the standard of the other volumes of the series.

Papiers et Filigranes des Archives de Gênes, 1154 à 1700. Par C. M. Briquet. Geneva. 1888. 8vo.

For nearly a century the subject of the watermarks in paper has been studied with increasing zeal, in the hope of being able thereby to approximate with some degree of certainty the date of documents and books. Vast collections of these designs have been made and classified. Sotheby, in his 'Typography of the Fifteenth Century' and 'Principia Typographica,' reproduced 1,100 of them. Longhi, in 'Le antiche Carte fabrianesi,' described 1,887 belonging to Fabriano, which was one of the oldest and most active centres of paper manufacture. M. Briquet, in the work before us, has figured 597 gathered in the archives of Genoa, where the dates of the documents enabled him to arrive with some degree of certainty at the probable age of the paper. These he has accompanied with a chronological table and a descriptive list, in which, under each design, he enumerates the other places where it has been found. The industry bestowed on the preparation of the volume is most praiseworthy, and the preliminary account of the introduction of the paper industry into Europe from China is interesting; yet one can hardly help concluding that the industry has been misapplied, and that the utility of these researches amounts to little.

In certain limited fields the study of watermarks may yield satisfactory results. The series of prints known as the Iconographia of Van Dyck presented many puzzling questions to collectors, for the "states" are numerous, the coppers passed through many hands—indeed, they are still in existence—and it was not always easy to distinguish between the different impressions. In 1877 Dr. Wibiral, after a patient examination of some 15,000 prints, published his 'L'Iconographie d'Antoine Van Dyck,' with facsimiles of nearly a hundred water-marks which he had noted in the papers employed, and he succeeded in classifying, with wonderful accuracy, the succession in the different stages of the plates during the period of about thirty years in which they have interest for collectors. We have found his results almost uniformly correct, though we have met with several water-marks which had escaped him.

When applied, however, to paper-making throughout Europe during the course of some six hundred years, the unlimited magnitude of the field and the elements of uncertainty pervading it render hopeless the effort to coördinate and systematize the infinite variety of designs. The water-mark is produced by a wire bent into a pattern and soldered on the fine laid wires of the mould with which the pulp, in hand-made papers, is dipped from the vat. This mould, M. Briquet informs us, wears out in a year or two. As every workman must have one, it is easy to see how many moulds a single paper-mill would use in ten years. It might be the intention to have the same design on all, and yet no two might be exactly alike, for many of the designs are exceedingly crude, and betray the utmost carelessness in bending the wires as they were soldered on, while, in the progress of wear, distortions and partial breaking away must have undoubtedly occurred. Thus the minute and infinite variations which are found in favorite designs, such as the pot, or the crown, or the foolscap, may have no significance, or may indicate a century difference in time and the distance between Venice and Ant-

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werp, for certain designs remained in use for hundreds of years and were employed all over Europe. Besides, they frequently signified not so much the individual paper-maker as the size and quality of the paper. Then the question is still further complicated by the currents of trade. Italian papers were carried all through Europe, while each land had, besides, its own mills using virtually similar water-marks, so that a Barcelona or Nürnberg MS. on paper bearing the favorite bull's head may represent a local manufacture of one century or a Genoese or Venetian make of another. When Wibiral, in his limited field, reproduces twenty-seven varieties of the *folie* or foolscap—and we have met in the Van Dyck series three or four additional—it will be readily seen how vast is the material, and how completely absent are the factors which would enable the investigator to educe from it trustworthy principles serviceable to the archæologist or historian. In isolated cases, when some peculiar water-mark may reasonably be presumed to have been used by a single maker during a limited period, some assistance may be hoped for, as well as in the rare instances where the name of the maker was employed; but with the great mass of papers the investigation, however interesting as an amusement, will never, we fear, produce results of scientific value.

We have compared with M. Briquet's plates the water-marks of a number of fifteenth-century books and MSS., Spanish, French, Italian, and German, without being able to identify a single one, though they consisted of the bull's head, the gauntlet, the balance, and other favorite marks. Of course, a limited experiment such as this proves little, but yet a single identification would have been a satisfaction. In this investigation one fact proved the inherent impossibility of reducing the study of water-marks to a science. The Seville, 1491, edition of 'Las Siete Partidas' is printed on paper bearing the well-known mark of the gauntlet with a star. Now of two sheets gathered together in the same signature, one happens to have a star with five points and the other one with six—thus relegating them into two different types. Evidently the workmen who fashioned and soldered the wires followed their own devices, with cruel indifference to the antiquarians who, four hundred years later, were to endeavor to deduce laws from their careless vagaries.

Far Away and Long Ago. By Frances Anne Kemble. Henry Holt & Co. 1889.

THIS is a sketch of life fifty or sixty years since in Berkshire County, Massachusetts. To be more precise, we may say that it is a sketch of life in Stockbridge and Lenox at the time when Mrs. Kemble knew it well, before the period of railroads, and during the time of a democratic simplicity of life and tastes long since vanished. The characters are not altogether portraits, as some who have reviewed the book seem to imagine. Judge Selbourne and his wife were undoubtedly suggested by friends of Mrs. Kemble's, and Mumbet was the name of a servant the events of whose life make part of a family history; but Mrs. Kemble's Mumbet is of a different race, and altogether a different person, from the Mumbet of that story, and the Judge and his wife are "composite" types. This, at least, was our idea as to the Selbournes on first reading the story; others will say that they represent the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sedgwick, of Lenox. However this may be, the sketches, or portraits, are very agreeably done.

The question raised by the book is whether the picture of the old New England life is correct or not—a question hard for any one of the present period to answer. The old life has been blotted out. The types have been effaced, and new and different types evolved. There are railroads where there were once coaches, and wealth and poverty where there was once a remarkable equality of condition; there are a thousand other changes, moral and material. To write about the former state of society requires a long and vivid memory, and here and there Mrs. Kemble might, perhaps, be proved guilty of anachronisms. But she has succeeded in giving her story an atmosphere distinctively American. The *tone* of the people is American, their conversation and way of thinking and feeling about one another belong to no other country, and to no other part of the country than New England.

The descriptions of the country are very pretty, and the story just simple enough to serve as a background for the sketches of manners and customs. An Englishman with his two daughters are three of the principal characters of the story, and these, with an early Irishman—the Irish emigration was then just beginning—furnish a contrast to the American characters which enables Mrs. Kemble to put the American traits in relief. Those who love New England and its past will be interested in the book; it gives the impression produced upon the mind of an unusually gifted and accomplished Englishwoman by an American community which, while it existed, attracted the attention and interest of all who came in contact with it. This, foreigners said, was American democratic life. Impermanent as it was, and primitive, as compared with the civilization which has succeeded it, lovers of the past may be pardoned if they regret the disappearance of many of its features.

History of the Celebration of the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Promulgation of the Constitution of the United States. Edited by Hampton L. Carson, Secretary of the Constitutional Centennial Commission, with illustrations. Published under the direction and by the authority of the Commission. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. 1889.

THE Constitutional Centennial Commission, of which John A. Kasson was President and Hampton L. Carson was Secretary, has published in two ponderous tomes, one of 478 pages and the other of 514 pages, a circumstantial and minute history of the celebration at Philadelphia, in September, 1887, of the one hundredth anniversary of the promulgation of the Constitution of the United States. The publication is edited by the Secretary, and leaves nothing to be desired in point of fulness, though the quality of the contents is very unequal in respect of permanent value, comprising as the volumes do not only the commemorative addresses of President Cleveland, Mr. Justice Miller, and others, but also much that relates to the mere machinery of the celebration, such as the reports of the local committees on transportation, music, medical care of the visiting troops, reception of guests, etc. To these reports are added descriptive lists of the industrial processions and military displays held in honor of the event, with an account of the ceremonies in Independence Square on the memorial day, and of the banquets which succeeded it. As of permanent value we may cite the history of the formation of the Constitution and of the causes which led to its adoption, by Mr. Kasson; the biographies of the members composing the Federal Convention, prepared by Mr. Carson; and the history of the several amendments which have been added to the Constitution.

In the 'American Museum' for 1788 the reader will find an account of the celebration which was held during that year in Philadelphia in honor of the ratification of the Constitution by a sufficient number of States to insure its adoption. A comparison of the pageant of 1788 with that of 1887 would seem to indicate that while such popular spectacles have gained immensely in volume, they have not greatly improved in point of variety as to their constituent elements. That our colored fellow-citizens should have taken little more part in the ceremonies of 1887 than in those of 1788 will certainly be matter of surprise and regret to others than the editor of these volumes. It has been pertinently said that the "nullus liber homo" clause in Magna Charta is worth all the Latin classics, and would have been worth still more if the word "liber" had not pointed to the presence of slavery in England in the time of King John. It might have been supposed that, alike from race pride and from civic ambition, our negro citizens would have been eager to bear witness, by their presence in this pageant, to the fact that the previous condition of servitude had disappeared from American political society, and that the American Magna Charta no longer gave the lie to the American Declaration of Independence.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Aldrich, Anne R. The Rose of Flame, and Other Poems of Love. 2d ed. C. T. Dillingham.
Boyle, Rev. G. D. Characters and Episodes of the Great Rebellion. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan & Co. $2.
Butler, A. O. What Moses Saw and Heard. Chicago: R. R. Donnelley & Sons.
Butler, Rev. J. G. The Bible Work: The Old Testament. Vol. III. Funk & Wagnalls.
Caspar's Directory of the American Book, News, and Stationery Trade, Wholesale and Retail. Milwaukee, Wis.: C. N. Caspar. $12.
Fay, T. S. The Three Germanys; Glimpses into Their History. New York: 65 John St. The Author.
Helder, A. Chronicles of a Health Resort. London: T. Fisher Unwin.
Jessop, G. H. Judge Lynch: a Romance of the California Vineyards. Belford, Clarke & Co.
Kurtz, Prof. Church History. Vol. II. Funk & Wagnalls. $2.
Saltus, E. The Pace That Kills. Belford, Clarke & Co.

"Every child in America should have them."—*New England Journal of Education.*

"The 'Young Folks' Cyclopædia' should be in every juvenile library."—*From a Report of the Connecticut Board of Education.*

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